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PROGRESS OF THE SCIENCES.

MECHANICS.

NEW SCHEME OF PERPETUAL MOTION.

Mr. Louis of Valence, in the department of the Drome, formerly Captain in the service of Naples, has just invented, after long researches, a machine which solves, as far as can be reasonably expected, the problem of perpetual motion.

In general, hydraulic machines are put in motion either by the force of men or animals, or by the natural course of water, or by fire.

Mr. Louis has found a means of raising a column of water strong enough to force another to the same height, which produces in its turn, the same effect. Thus, when the impulse is once given, this machine would perpetually retain its action, if there existed a fluid which did not lose by evaporation, or material indestructible by use. One may, however, employ a quantity of water sufficient to keep the machine in play for several years. This same machine may be employed as the impelling power, for the production of various kinds of regular motions. The inventor proposes to adapt a clepsydra to it, and he is convinced that by means of a basin or reservoir, a private house might derive various advantages from it.

HISTORY.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES LATELY DISCOVERED IN SWITZERLAND.

In the little village of Amseldingen, in the canton of Berne, about a league south west of Thun, there have been lately discovered some remarkable Roman antiquities, which have been carefully examined and described by Mr. Sigmund Wagner, who has already honorably distinguished himself by his attention to the curiosities of his country.

At the foot of the foremost Alpine chain, of what is called the Oberland (or Highlands) of Berne, in the middle of which the majestic Stockhorn raises his grey head 5000 French feet above the bright mirror of the lake of Thun, there lie between gently swelling hills, which are covered with the most luxuriant verdure, a little wood, and some neat peasants' houses, the castle, the handsome church, the parsonage house, and between 20 and 30 dwellings on the banks of a little lake which may be about a league in circumference. It is generally known that already in the year 933, the pious Queen Bertha of Burgundy, consort of Rudolf II., whose favorite residence was at Pitterlingen, frequently made excursions from that place, riding on a mule, with a small retinue, and often carrying her distaff fas-

tened to the saddle, travelling through little Burgundy, that is the country between the Lake of Geneva, Mount Jura, and the Aar, and had made many churches and convents to be built there. It is also known that she founded at Amseldingen, in honor of St. Maurice, a collegiate church, in which only Counts and Barons could be Provosts and Canons.

But it was not known till lately, that the Romans had settled in this place 8 or 900 years earlier, and for the space of 500 years (viz. from the year 50 before the birth of Christ till 460 after) that they possessed Helvetia. It was not till 1809, that on pulling down an old canon's house, there was dug up at the bottom of the cellar a tolerably well preserved Roman tomb stone (Lippus), with an inscription which proved that the Romans were formerly settled here. It is remarkable that this is the highest trace, yet known, of Roman settlements in the canton of Berne, farther in the mountains, lived the unsubdued old Helvetic or Celtic mountaineers, among whom the Romans never penetrated so as to form a permanent establishment.

A particular account of that tomb-stone and the inscriptions on it, is given by Mr. Francis Lewis Haller Von Konigsfelden, in his work called "Switzerland under the Romans."

In the course of the year 1816, in the Crypt, or subterraneous chapel of the church of Amseldingen, which had long served as a potatoe cellar, but was then cleaned, and lighted with windows, there were found two other sepulchral inscriptions, on two of the four stone pillars which support the vault of this chapel. The stones on which they are carved were probably found on the spot when the church was built, and employed as materials. This may have been done with design, for in the first ages of Christianity it was thought particularly meritorious to build Christian churches and chapels, on the site of Heathen temples and with the remains of Heathen monuments.

The first of the two newly found inscriptions is as follows:

D. M
JULIAE PUSINNAE
UXORI RARISSIMAE
AC PUDICAE PISSIMAE
QUAE VIXIT ANN. XVIII.
DIEBUS. IV.
P. ACILIUS. THASEUS.
PERINDE CARISSIM. MARIT.¹
F. C.

The Julia Pusinna mentioned here, is a namesake, perhaps a relation of the matron, of whom we find in M. Haller's history above mentioned, a monument, at Viney in the Pays de Vaud, which this priestess of the

¹ The name Julia, in this inscription, appeared to some persons quite illegible, and instead of P. Acilius, they read Teclius, or T. Acilius, which they perhaps should have read T. Acilius. The T. would signify Titus.

deified Augustus had erected in honour of Jupiter Optimus Maximus. The name Pusinna is doubtless of Celtic origin. The husband Thaseus may have been a Greek, as his name seems to indicate; however the name Acilius, if we are to read it so, was well known in Gaul; thus Acilius Aviola was governor of the province of Lugdunum, to which in all probability, Helvetia, at that time (under Tiberius) belonged. (See Tacit. Annal. iii. 41.)

The second inscription is broken into two pieces, one of which is fixed in upright, the other reversed: it is as follows:

... AMILL. POLYNICES
(N)ATIONE LYDUS ARTIS
(A)URIFEX CORPORIS
(F)ABR. TIGNUARIORUM
(A)PUD EOSDEM OMNIB.
(H)YONORIBUS FUNCTUS.
..... VIXIT ANNOS
(A)TQ AMILLIO TAULO
(F)ILIO EJUSDEM ARTIS
(E)T CORPORIS QUI VIXIT
(A)NNOS AETATIS XXXIII.

The first letters being wanting, are here supplied between ().

This second inscription is not so easy to translate as the first, because the name of Polynices, which is in the nominative, does not suit with the name of Taulo, which is in the dative; so that notwithstanding all the pains taken to copy each letter accurately, there still seems to be some error. However, one sees that this is also an epitaph in honor of two men, one of whom, Polynices, was a Lydian by birth, by trade a goldsmith, and belonging also to the guild of the carpenters; in which he had filled all the honorable offices, and died at the age of * * the number is effaced; and the other, Amillius Taulus, was Polynices' son, likewise a goldsmith, and of the guild of the carpenters, who lived 33 years.

That a goldsmith from Lydia should have settled 1700 years ago near the place now called Amseldingen, will not seem surprising to any one who recollects, first, that Livy and Caesar mention the great fondness of the ancient Helvetii for gold ornaments; and secondly, that by means of the Roman armies, Asiatics as easily came to all parts of Western Europe, as Gauls and Germans to Asia. Perhaps, under the emperors Vespasian and Titus, who, between 70 and 80 after Christ, made war in person in Palestine, and who were both benefactors to Helvetia, founders and patrons of Aventicum, (Wilisburg) some Asiatic families may have left the East (then a scene of disorder) out of love to those excellent princes, in order to settle in a country which was favored with their peculiar protection.

The existence of guilds in ancient Helvetia seems to be clearly proved by these two inscriptions, and all who used the hammer seem to have been then, as in later times, members of the same guild. As the carpen-

ters, at a time when almost all dwelling-houses were of wood, were doubtless the most numerous, it was natural that they should give their name to the whole company. The honors which Polynices enjoyed were doubtless similar to the various offices in our guilds at this day.

The last of these two inscriptions is not cut in the stone; but the stone (a lime-stone from the neighbouring Stockholm) is covered with a white mortar, in which the letters were probably cut while it was still wet. The letters of both inscriptions are so well executed, and so handsomely formed, that we may perhaps conclude they were done at the end of the first, or in the first half of the second century.

With respect to the time of the destruction of this Roman settlement, it is difficult to decide any thing. After the middle of the fourth century, Helvetia was over-run, perhaps fifty times, by hordes of Germans, Goths, Huns, nay even Scythians and Saracens, and so desolated that scarcely a single building remained standing. That part of Western Helvetia in particular, was dreadfully ravaged, in which the towns of Freyburg, Berne, Burgdorf and Thun now stand. This part remained long desert, and was known as late as the tenth or eleventh century by the name of Desertland, Oedland, (Vichtland) or Eremus.

In what is now the Castle, formerly the Provost House of Amseldingen, there are found very old substructions in and under the cellars, as well as old walled up doors, which seem to have led to subterraneous passages; and in the neighbouring churchyard, the grave-digger's pickaxe often strikes against old solid brickwork, which at times sounds as if hollow passages or vaults were under it. It would perhaps be worth the while to venture some expense here, in order to search after remains of past ages.

ANCIENT TOMBS.

There has just been discovered at Baslieux, near Longwy, a considerable number of ancient tombs concealed under broad stones, the removal of which uncovers square compartments of brick-work. In each tomb was found a skeleton, rarely two, and several parts of arms, such as sabres, swords, javelins, arrows, daggers, axes, &c. An iron head of an arrow placed in the center of a skull, is doubtless the sign of a combat. No sign of Christianity has been found among the numerous articles that have been collected. On a bas relief some persons think they recognise the principal Gallic Divinity, Mercury Teutates. According to appearances, it is thought that the time of the event which gave rise to these inhumations, may be fixed about the first irruptions of the Vandals, in the beginning of the 15th century.

PROGRESS OF THE ARTS.

MEDICINE.

DR. VALLI'S EXPERIMENTS ON THE YELLOW FEVER.

The New York Medical Repository for January gives the following particulars

of the death of Dr. Valli, author of the Essay "On the Plague in Constantinople, in 1803," and instructor of the late Mr. Rosenfeld.—Dr. Valli arrived on the 7th of September, 1816, at the Havannah with the intention of making experiments with the Yellow Fever on his own person. At the very beginning, he exposed himself to every danger; when the heat was 80° to 85° of Fahrenheit, he visited the dirtiest parts of the city, where the corrupt pool water, and the dead dogs, cats, &c. so infect the air, that in a few sun-shiny days a yellow, green skin, full of bubbles of fermented air, covers the surface of these places. According to his usual custom he lived very temperately. As the many daily experiments always turned out happily, he grew more bold and confident, and on the 21st of Sept., a sailor having just died in an hospital of the yellow fever, he caused the shirt which he had worn during his whole sickness to be pulled off, rolled it up in the same state in which it was taken from the corpse, rubbed with it his face, breast, hands, arms and thighs, smelt it "as a nosegay," even brought the corpse for several minutes in contact with his naked body, and then, highly satisfied with his experiment, went to dinner at the house of Don Gonzalez, where he lodged. At dinner he was in good spirits, only he complained of weariness, because he had run for a long time after some young people who were afraid of infection, to rub their hands on his. He then asked for a glass of wine, and observed, that he should now learn whether the experiment had given him the infection. Having drunk the wine, he complained of being unwell, and went to bed. Towards evening he was worse; he had taken no medicine, except wine, rum and water with some tincture of Peruvian bark in it. Towards morning on the 22d, Dr. Cameron, Physician to Don Gonzalez' family was called in, and gave him trifling medicines, because he did not think the sickness of much consequence, though Dr. Valli himself observed, that he had the Yellow Fever, and that he should not recover. On the 23d, several friends visited him, whom he still recognised, though he seemed to be sinking under the disorder. On the 24th, at 10 in the morning, he died with great composure. A short time before his death, he was seized with a vomiting, and threw up black matter. The American physician, William Frost, who was among the number of Dr. Valli's acquaintance at the Havanna, and describes to Dr. Pascalis at New York his mode of life and his death, proposes the question,

whether he had not perhaps laid the foundation of the disorder, by his conduct, previous to the last experiment in the hospital, particularly since he, being a new comer, who had never been in a tropical climate before, might be predisposed? Was the fever caused by his visits to unhealthy places, in the heat of noon, by his weakening diet, by the enervating influence of the tropical climate? or by all these causes together, or by rubbing himself with the shirt? Mr. Frost will endeavour to procure Dr. Valli's manuscripts.

DISTILLATION OF SEA WATER.

M. Clement, the French Chemist, has lately invented an apparatus for the distillation of sea water, which produces six pounds of good fresh water by the burning of one pound of common coal. A single still will supply five hundred pints of water daily, and the distillation may be performed during the roughest weather: hence it results, that in the loading of vessels, six tons of water may be obtained by one ton of coal, and five sixths of the space usually occupied by water casks may be saved by the substitution of a substance, which does not spoil like water, and which is not liable to be lost by leaking. Persons who have tasted this water, affirm, that though it retains somewhat of an empyreumatic flavour, which is always contracted by the purest river water in a still, yet that they had never drank better after having been a fortnight at sea.

PNEUMATIC PROVISION-SAFE.

PARIS.—A new invention or rather a very ingenious application of known principles has just obtained merited praise. It is a pneumatic provision-safe, intended to preserve articles of food from all corruption, and particularly useful in hot seasons.

It has been long laid down as a principle by the learned, that these united agents concur in the destruction of alimentary substances: air, heat and water; and that by insulating one of these agents, the action of the other two is paralyzed. The problem was to find an easy and economical method of effecting this.—Mr. Foucque, junr. has succeeded in solving this problem by producing a vacuum by dilatation, in an apparatus which is simple, easily used, and not expensive. He has made his apparatus of two sizes; the one 15 inches in diameter, intended to be always in the kitchen to receive the dishes which it is wished to preserve, consists of a square piece of hard stone in which a circular groove is cut, furnished with mastic (or lute) in which groove the circumference of a cast metal bell is fitted, at the top of which is pierced a hole one line in diameter. The other consists of a large earthen pot of a thin consistence, capable of containing 40lbs. of meat. Round the mouth of it is a circular groove, which is luted, into which a cast metal bell is fitted as above, and having also at the top a hole one line in diameter.

When the substances, which it is desired to preserve, have been placed in the ap-

paratus, you dip into spirit of wine of 33 degrees, a little sponge, which is placed in a saucer upon the eatables, and the sponge is set fire to by means of a match. A considerable dilatation immediately takes place, which expels the warm air. After this vertical expansion, the column of atmospheric air exercises its action to re-enter the apparatus; but is prevented by stopping the hole with common wax. The vacuum thus produced is more than sufficient to preserve the eatables; and the more so, as the small quantity of atmospheric air which may have got again into the bell, is decomposed by the combustion of the spirit of wine, which is not quite finished when the little hole in the bell is stopped up with the wax, and is converted into carbonic acid Gas, the preservative property of which is generally known.

POLITE LITERATURE.

MODERN POETS.

DEFENCE OF COLERIDGE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Allow me, Sir, to offer a word or two of remonstrance, in favor of some of our modern poets, who have fallen under the lash of your critical correspondent. I cannot help thinking, that the remarks of the gentleman alluded to, in his allotment of parts to the respective artists who, he suggests, might be employed, "to compound amongst them a poetical monument," to the memory of Waterloo, are more fanciful than correct—more severe than just.

Avowing myself an admirer of Coleridge, I must take leave to protest against being regarded as a partizan of "the Lake school." My taste is not yet so *sublimated*—to use a word of your correspondent's, as to prefer the sickly softness of babyism—the inane prosing of Wordsworth, to the firmness of manhood—the sound old English verse of Pope and Dryden. That the names of Coleridge and Wordsworth have been frequently "joined," though "not matched," by others, as well as by your correspondent, I am compelled to admit; though, with what propriety the junction has been made, I am at a loss to discover. The one is all energy and fire; the other, all imbecility and ice. Coleridge is the genuine child of inspiration, pouring forth "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn;" Wordsworth is the sophisticated offspring of simplicity, "mewling and puking in his nurse's arms." Coleridge furnishes "strong meat, for strong men;" Wordsworth, cautiously catering for the weakly infant, presents it with a bason of gruel, unblest with even the savoury stimulus of salt.

In proof of the vigorous imagination of Coleridge, and of his no less vigorous

powers of expression, suffer me, Mr. Editor, to quote a few lines from his "Ode on the Departed Year," published as far back as 1796. Speaking of the Empress Catherine, of Russia, who had then recently "passed that bourne o'er which no traveller returns," he bursts forth:

"Stunn'd by Death's twice mortal mace,
No more Murder's lurid face
Th' insatiate hag shall glote with drunken eye!
"Manes of th' unnumber'd slain!
Ye that gasp'd on Warsaw's plain!
Ye that erst at Ismail's tower,
When human ruin choak'd the streams,
Fell, in Conquest's glutt'd hour,
'Mid women's shrieks, and infants' screams;
Whose shrieks, whose screams, were fain to stir
Loud-laughing, red-eyed Massacre!
"Spirits of th' unceff'n'd slain,
Sudden blasts of triumph swelling,
Oft at night, in misty train,
Rush around her narrow dwelling!
Th' exterminating fiend is fled—
(Foul her life, and dark her doom!)
Mighty army of the dead,
Dance, like death-fires, round her tomb!
Then, with prophetic song, relate
Each some sceptred murderer's fate!"

With the political feeling here exhibited, I have, at present, nothing to do; but, if Coleridge, in common with his friend Southey, and many other young men, were too warm an admirer of the French revolution, he abundantly atoned for his error, in the production of one of the finest odes in the English language. In the spirit of recantation, he exclaims: "Forgive me, Freedom! O forgive these dreams! I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament, From bleak Helvetia's icy caverns sent—I hear thy groans upon her blood-stain'd streams! Heroes, that for your peaceful country perish'd; And ye, that fleeing spot the mountain snows With bleeding wounds; forgive me, that I cherish'd

One thought, that ever bless'd your cruel foes!" That Coleridge is equally successful in the delicate, the pathetic, and the descriptive, it would be an easy task, were it not trespassing too much on your room, to prove. In some lines, "Composed at Clevedon, Somersetshire," after noticing the exquisite scents "snatch'd from yon bean-field," and the "murmur of the distant sea," he thus mentions the Eolian harp:

"— And that simplest lute
Plac'd lengthways in the clasping casement, hark!
How by the desultory breeze caress'd,
Like some coy maid half yielding to her lover,
It pours such sweet upbraidings, as must needs
Tempt to repeat the wrong! And now its strings
Boldlier swept, &c."

For delicacy, for tenderness, and for beauty, Coleridge's "Kiss," commencing,

"One kiss, dear maid! I said and sigh'd!" cannot easily be surpassed. Of such a *morceau*, the first amatory poet of the day might be proud.

Regretting that I have not been able

to pay a nobler homage to this honored favorite of the muse,

I am, Sir, &c.

H. T.

DEFENCE OF SOUTHEY.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir, I sincerely hope, that your admonition—*Amicus Plato, &c.*—will not be lost upon the critical gentleman, who, for some weeks, has been amusing your readers with strictures on the modern poets. He tells us that, "after reading Thalaba, or the Curse of Kehama, one lays down the volume with an inevitable feeling of, 'Very sublimated, no doubt, but what does it all mean? where is its object?' One retains an impression of nothing but blank verse of all sizes, from three syllables to twelve;" of so-and-so, and so-and-so; "of Braman, and Indra and Yamen, and Glendoveers, about whose powers and attributes we care not one farthing;" and that, "as to sympathy, it is totally out of the question." That all this may be the case, with respect to "Ossé," I can believe to be possible; but I am at a loss to comprehend how it can have any reference to the genuine poetical reader—the child of sensibility and taste.—Unfortunately, I have not, at the present moment, any of Southey's productions in my possession; but I shall never forget the interest which I felt in the perusal of his Thalaba, the exquisite charms of the "green and graceful bird," the picturesque beauty of some of the descriptions, and the almost inimitable harmony of the versification. Of the Curse of Kehama, I think not altogether so favorably: it always reminds me of what is related of O'Keefe, the dramatist, who, whenever he wrote a comedy, found that he had materials enough left for one or two farces. The Curse of Kehama seems to have been constructed from the refuse of the reading through which Southey had waded, in his course of preparation for Thalaba. With the hero of the latter very beautiful poem, I most cordially sympathize; notwithstanding your critical correspondent assures us, that "sympathy is totally out of the question." Did your Correspondent, Mr. Editor, ever read Homer or Virgil? Does he care more about the "powers and attributes" of Jupiter, and Mars, and Venus, and Juno, *cum multis aliis*, than about the "powers and attributes" of the Glendoveers, &c.? Will he say that, in his perusal of Homer and Virgil, "sympathy" was "totally out of the question?"

The reason why Southey's Thalaba is less popular than, from its superior merit, it deserves, is, that a highly cultivated ear is requisite to appreciate its excellence. With poetry, as with music, the higher beauties of the art can only be enjoyed in their full extent, by the scientific ear. The untutored peasant may be captivated by the simple melody of a Scotch air; but it requires a certain degree of musical education, exquisitely to enjoy the finished, but complicated graces of such a composer as Mozart. Is it possible to imagine a greater contrast than that which may be formed by the juxtaposition of two such writers as Southey and Crabbe? Yet, who will venture to assert, that either the one, or the other, is not a

poet?—Crabbe, though harsh, and rugged; and frequently prosaic, has an entire command of our passions; by mere native force, he finds his way directly to the heart; and, on that account, he has been justly distinguished as “the poet of the people.”

As a matter of opinion, permit me further to remark, that I do not exactly coincide with your correspondent, in the preference which he has shown to Milton, over Burke and Southey, in the passages quoted, on the drawing of swords. In the extract from Burke, there is a beautiful simplicity, and a grandeur of prosopopœia, which, I think, leaves it without a parallel.¹ The brilliancy of Southey's comparison—the scymetars flashing, and sparkling like waters to the sun—is less effective than the close—

“Their light was gone, their splendor quenched in gore!”
A multitude extinguished in an instant!—I have no wish to eulogize the dead, at the expense of the living; but I fear that, if we are to distinguish the three authors, agreeably to the rule of grammatical comparison, we must say, Southey, *bonus*; Milton, *metior*; and Burke, *optimus*.

It was my intention to put a word in, for Campbell; but that I must defer till another opportunity.—I am, &c. A. B.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

To the Editor.

SIR,—The following observations have been suggested to me by a perusal of “*The Round Table, a collection of Essays on Literature, Men and Manners*,” in 2 vols. 8vo. The author, in his preface, states that it was proposed by his friend, the EDITOR, “to publish a series of papers, in the EXAMINER, in the manner of the early periodical Essayists, the Spectator and Tatler.” In “the Introduction” also, the public were taught to expect in these essays, “the appearance of a similar set of papers.” The overweening conceit and eternal egotism of these self-elected preceptors of the public, might have been harmless and amusing, if their essays had been free from cruel personalities, defamation, gross indecency, libertine principles and a spirit of irreligion and scepticism. Their affectation of superior kindness, humanity, wit, taste and powers of abstraction, might, then, perhaps, have passed unnoticed. A literary fopling ruy, in his social relations, be an amiable and good man. He may buzz and flutter in the sun-shine of his own fancied pre-eminence, and yet be restrained, by principle, from employing the pen and press, wantonly to wound private feelings and degrade professional character; vilify the genius of his country; and injure the cause of public liberty, by somenting prejudices; exciting large bodies of his countrymen and fellow-subjects, to irreconcilable contempt and hatred of each other; and insinuating the poison of infidelity through the unsuspecting

circles of society. We are not offended by the innocent foibles of our nature; and would cherish self-love in individuals, as a means of self-respect, and an excitement “to do unto others as they would that others should do unto them.”—But an inordinate self-love seeking aggrandisement by scorning and traducing others, is a social evil. The moral and religious papers in defence of revealed religion, constitute so important a portion of the Spectator, that they have been selected and published together, in two octavo volumes. The avowed intention to publish a set of papers similar to the Spectator, was, in itself, a public pledge of the Round-Table preceptors, to manifest a similar reverence for revealed religion; and to oppose its enemies with a mild sincerity like that of their “illustrious predecessors,” Addison and Steele. The crime of attempting to degrade the character of their fellow-subjects, of both sexes, and disseminate a spirit of irreligion and scepticism, becomes still more heinous, when attempted under the mask of philanthropy, piety and religion. I shall shew by extracts from their work, how far those Round Table Teachers, have, or have not, fulfilled their public pledges and professions: and shall try them, by the Spectator and Tatler; the literary, moral and religious standard, which they themselves, voluntarily, selected and publicly proposed to follow in these essays.

The following is a specimen of their “old zeal for the many instead of the few”—(p. 19. v. 1.) of their “proper sympathy with the infirmities of our species,” (p. 5. v. 1.)—and their endeavour to make their readers—“think better of others, at a little expence to themselves.”—(Ibid.) WORDSWORTH had introduced, in his poem, “The Excursion,” some plain country folks in that part of England, where his scene lies; and the Round-Table Philanthropists, in their abhorrence of “low company,” forgetting their old zeal for the many instead of the few, drew this odious picture of the great body of the People of England, that is of ALL, without exception, who live in the country.—“ALL COUNTRY-PEOPLE hate each other. They have so little comfort, that they envy their neighbours the smallest pleasure or advantage, and nearly grudge themselves the necessities of life. From not being accustomed to enjoyment, they become hardened and averse to it—stupid, for want of thought—selfish for want of society. There is nothing good to be had in the country, or, if there is, they will not let you have it. They had rather injure themselves than oblige any one else. Their common mode of life is a system of wretchedness and self-denial, like what we read of among barbarous tribes. You live out of the world. You cannot get your tea and sugar without sending to the next town for it: you pay double, and have it of the worst quality. The small beer is sure to be sour, the milk skimmed, the meat bad, or spoiled in the cooking. You cannot do a single thing you like; you cannot walk out or sit at home, or write or read, or think or look, as if you did, without being subject to impertinent curiosity. The apothecary annoys you with his complaisance; the PARSON with his superciliousness. If you are poor, you are despised;

if you are rich, you are feared and hated. If you do any one a favour, the whole neighbourhood is up in arms: the clamour is like that of a rookery; and the person himself, it is ten to one, laughs at you for your pains, and takes the first opportunity of shewing you that he labours under no uneasy sense of obligation. There is a perpetual round of mischief-making and backbiting for want of any better amusement. There are no shops, no taverns, no theatres, no opera, no concerts, no pictures, no public buildings, no crowded streets, no noise of coaches, or courts of law,—neither courtiers nor courtesans, no literary parties, no fashionable routs, no society, no books, or knowledge of books. Vanity and luxury are the civilizers of the world, and sweeteners of human life. Without objects either of PLEASURE or action, it grows harsh and crabbed: the mind becomes stagnant, the affections callous, and the eye dull.”—(Page 116. v. 2.)

I beg to observe that in the above notable instance of Round-Table good taste, decency, truth and morality, “all,” that is, the whole multitude! the entire country-people of England are included, without a solitary exception! They are all stupid and envious haters of each other! The Knights had set up as Instructors to point out the vices and evils in Society, for which their readers were to provide a remedy. They charge the country-people with “manufacturing and propagating” daily lies, and are at the same moment, themselves carrying on a wholesale manufactory of misrepresentation and falsehood. Their writings, instead of making vice odious, load an humble class of men with the odium of being vicious. On the subject of morals, they promised “the nicest development.”—“Here, as well as in manners, we shall endeavour to pierce below the surface of things, but only to fetch out what we conceive to be a more valuable substance, and fitter for the kindlier purposes of intercourse.” (p. 18. vol. 1) The philosopher Square, himself, with his rule of right, and moral fitness of things, could not have promised more fairly. Yet, with a puerile malevolence, they convert the inconveniences, wants and privations of a country-life into an accusation against the sufferers! After having pierced so deep beneath the surface, to bring up something of the best quality and most fit “for the kindlier purposes of intercourse,” these miners in morals brought up, not a recommendation “to love our neighbours as ourselves,” but “a want of COURTESANS,” as one of the evils of the country; where, “without objects of PLEASURE or action, life grows harsh and crabbed!” When we recollect that these essays were written to circulate at our SUNDAY Breakfast tables, and to be recommended by unsuspecting parents and guardians, to their Children and Wards, as imitations of the Spectators and Tatlers; the gross indecency and profligate effrontery of this particular passage becomes more glaring. The Round Table pupils have their lesson set. If they can agree with their teachers, in considering the want complained of, in the light of a nuisance, then they must deem it meritorious to abate that nuisance. Each must judge it his duty to meliorate life, by creating objects of pleasure, in his own vicinity; to improve the morals and

¹ “Surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendor, and joy.”
—This can scarcely be supposed, unless by Shakespeare’s,
“See what a grace was seated on this brow.” &c.

manners of our rustic females, by fitting them for the kindlier purposes of Round-Table intercourse; and supply the deficiency, so publicly pointed out, by all the means of seduction and iniquity in his power!—

The Round Table Instructor thus further teaches the few to think better of the many, by a continued misrepresentation of all our country-people, and particularly the people in those parts of England, described by Wordsworth. "Not having the fictitious distresses and gigantic crimes of poetry to stimulate their imagination and their passions, they vent their whole stock of spleen, malice, and invention on their friends and next-door neighbours. They get up a little pastoral Drama at home, with fancied events, but real characters. All their spare time is spent in manufacturing and propagating the lie for the day, which does its office and expires. The next day is spent in the same manner. It is thus that they embellish the simplicity of rural life. The common people in civilised countries are a kind of domesticated savages." (V. 2. p. 119-120).—"The weight of matter, which surrounds them, crushes the finer sympathies. Their minds become hard and cold, like the rocks which they cultivate. The immensity of their mountains makes the human form appear little and insignificant. Men are seen crawling between Heaven and earth like insects to their graves. Nor do they regard one another more than flies on a wall. Their physiognomy expresses the MATERIALISM of their character, which has only one principle—rigid self-will."—(V. 2. p. 121).—There is something so horrid in this picture of hardened and brutal selfishness, that Foreigners, who can believe it to be a just representation of the English country people, must be inclined to think of them with as much disgust and abhorrence as of Swift's Yahoos. The broad expression "THEIR MATERIALISM," whether considered in connection with the evident scepticism of those Essays, or as a malignant attempt to degrade the character of their countrymen, cannot fail to produce a strong sensation. Although Swift, by his gloomy view of mankind, so justly incurred the charge of deliberate malevolence, he did not hold up his countrymen to the world as a people sunk in envious and brutish malignity. The disgusting pictures of depravity in Gulliver's Travels were not imposed upon his own time, as correct accounts of the state of men and manners in any particular country; they were published as a work of invention, altogether, and only supposed to be aimed at human nature in general. Clarendon, in his observations on Hobbes's Leviathan, condemns upon solid grounds those degrading representations of man as injurious to public morals. Hobbes's ill opinion of human nature, was founded in his disbelief of revealed religion. Swift's shocking pictures were dictated by a mind of great powers and sanguine ambition, soured by disappointment. The practice of charging a brutish and cruel disposition upon the mass of men, or all mankind, has been ever attended with evil consequences. It is dangerous because, like all views, drawn only from the dark side of things, it must be partial and false; and because the unthinking

are too easily led, by such black misrepresentations, to consider that virtue and human nature are incompatible; and that lying, fraud, avarice, cruelty and every other vice, are as much a necessary practice and part of man, as his physical powers. Wherever this opinion prevails, there can be no better argument in behalf of sanguinary, oppressive laws and an arbitrary government. A Prince, who believes his subjects to be inclined to fraud, violence and destruction, can never want a ready justification for war, bloodshed and devastation.—Locke, and Montesquieu, who were monarchical writers, were of opinion, that, as a corrupt and depraved people are unfitted for public liberty, every attempt to vilify the character of the people, is a crime against public liberty, and an encouragement to oppressive Princes or Ministers to enslave them. The Honourable James Munroe, President of the United States, maintains generally the same opinion, in a Republican Government. The following passage, in his inaugural speech, is very explicit.—"It is only when the people become ignorant and corrupt, when they degenerate into a Populace that they are incapable of exercising the Sovereignty. Usurpation is then an easy attainment, and an Usurper soon found."—John de Witt, the greatest Statesman and friend to liberty of his age, styled "the traducers of the People, Public enemies." Our Round Table Preceptors may therefore, with perfect consistency, add that John Bull requires a hundred years of slavery, for those who credit their publications must believe that Englishmen are no longer worthy of liberty. They have represented the whole of our country people as the very vilest and most odious of human beings, sunk by stupidity, envy and malice, below the level of animal nature, and as devoid of principle or feeling for their fellow-creatures as the Kite, the Vulture, or the Wolf. The evidence of history and the ablest writers prove that public prejudices and misrepresentations produce public divisions and weakness; and that public liberty is best secured from foreign and domestic invasion by a union of the people. It may be considered a political axiom, that a people divided by prejudices can neither obtain nor preserve freedom. These hideous misrepresentations of whole classes and large bodies of Englishmen, are, therefore, anti-social and injurious to the spirit of freedom; because they excite divisions among men and make every other portion of their fellow-subjects hold the classes so grossly misrepresented, in dread, contempt and aversion. Having resided in those parts of England, I am enabled from my own knowledge, to state, that those general charges of stupid and malignant envy, of base and cruel selfishness, are wholly false. And when the Round-Table Teacher adds that his theory "is taken from pretty close observation," he furnishes some proof that he has written in a spirit of wilful misrepresentation; for, if we are to credit him, he must have had a full opportunity of knowing the truth. Besides this false and degrading character of our English country people, the Round-Table Philosopher vilifies the character of Englishmen, in general, under the name of

John Bull, whom he has drawn as an ill-bred, stupid, brutal Dolt, Dope, Blockhead and Bully! The latter every man understands to mean a bragging Coward, without consulting Dr. Johnson's explanation, "it is generally taken for a man that has only the appearance of courage."—Our moral adviser gravely adds; he, John Bull, "requires (what he has been long labouring for) a hundred years of slavery to bring him to his senses."—"He boasts of the excellence of the laws and the goodness of his own disposition; and yet there are more people hanged in England than in all Europe besides; he boasts of the MODESTY of HIS COUNTRY-WOMEN, and yet there are more PROSTITUTES in the streets of LONDON than in ALL the CAPITALS of EUROPE PUT TOGETHER." (p. 70, 71. V. 2.) Here the Logician, who, by the word *hanged*, means *executed*, and instead of endeavouring to make the few think better of the many, risks every thing, to make the world think the worst of his own country. He brings forward John Bull's boasts, solely to show their want of foundation: and contradicts him, in effect, though not in the same words, thus; either your laws are bad, or Englishmen are the most dishonest and blood-thirsty men in all Europe; for there are more people, that is, more coiners, forgers, house-breakers, highwaymen and murderers, hanged, or executed in England than in all Europe besides. To his countrywomen, he is still more outrageously malignant. He does not admit the goodness or badness of the laws into the question of their character; but puts the broad stamp of infamy upon their nature, without any reservation; and reasons the case in substance, with unblushing hardihood, thus; you boast of the modesty of your countrywomen; but there are more prostitutes in the streets of London than in all the capitals of Europe put together; therefore, the English women are not the modest women you boast them to be; but the most immodest and depraved women in all Europe.—Yet this chivalrous Knight of the Round Table, probably, did not drop like a centaur, from a cloud; but had an English woman for his mother; was suckled at the breast of an English woman; has other English kinswomen, and was still admitted into the company of modest Englishwomen, at the time that he thus became their public and deliberate traducer. As to his knowledge of the unhappy females, who ply in the streets of London, we neither doubt nor dispute it; but it is quite clear that he could not have ascertained the number of this wretched class in all the capitals of Europe. In this latter instance, and in that of the number of men hanged or executed upon the continent, he has advanced a bold assertion without means of knowing the fact; and has hazarded his claim to belief, for the very exquisite gratification of holding up his countrymen to the world, as the greatest robbers and cut-throats in all Europe, and his countrywomen as the most profligate of their sex in Christendom!—This coarse and shocking aspersion upon the fair sex, which a married beggar might hesitate to utter in an ale-house corner, over his cups, was gravely written, printed, pub-

lished, and re-published, as a *Sunday* piece of breakfast-table instruction, by a club of moralists, who professed to imitate the Spectators and Tatlers, and modestly attempted to pass their base counterfeits as equal in value to the sterling coin of Addison and Steele, by familiarly designating the latter their "*illustrious predecessors*." Their slander is aggravated, by its deliberate re-publication, and is rendered still more offensive by the vulgar indecency, with which, in the vilest terms, the street prostitutes of London and the writer's country-women are not only associated as relative terms in the same sentence, but as beings alike in mind and inclinations, and only different in circumstances.

A NEW EXAMINER.

SIX MOIS A LONDRES: *Par l'auteur de* *Quinze Jours à Londres*.

In the XIth number of the *Literary Gazette*, a short account was given of this work; but the following article from a Paris paper will make our readers better acquainted with the contents of this book, which appears remarkable for its misconceptions, and misrepresentations, if not wilful falsehoods. The article may also afford some amusement as a specimen of the Review of a foolish author by an ignorant Critic.

"The success of one work does not always guarantee the success of another; and the author of a *Fortnight in London*, who wrote a very amusing pamphlet on his rapid glance over the Capital of England, returns less happily to the same subject. Our laudable curiosity can be satisfied only by a profound study of society; but for this purpose *six months* are as insufficient as a *fortnight*; this study is much more difficult in England than in France. In Paris, for example, an ordinary share of merit and agreeable manners serve as an introduction to every house, I had almost said to every heart: such unlimited confidence is exercised that a single day will suffice to see and become acquainted with all. As to general observations, they are quite as easily collected: every thing proceeds openly in society: those who do not see must absolutely close their eyes. In England, on the contrary, a foreigner solicits long and almost always unavailing, to gain a footing of intimacy with those to whom he is recommended: none of those small agreeable parties are formed in which wit and gaiety are displayed without restraint. No one comprehends that succession of visits made and received which fill up our evenings so agreeably; visitors are never admitted, or at least only in crowds.

Our author introduces none of his travelling-companions to the acquaintance of his readers, excepting a Gascon who is journeying to London for the purpose of teaching French pronunciation. He commences his course of observation with the Italian Opera. It is scarcely necessary to repeat that no person is admitted to this Theatre except in full-dress; that the representation is prolonged until after midnight, excepting on Saturdays, when the necessity of not encroaching on Sunday morning usually occasions an abridgment of the performance. The assemblage of spectators presents a very different aspect from what may be seen in

Paris. In our Theatres, gold and diamonds glitter in the lower boxes, grace and elegance are to be seen in the second tier, and blooming complexions and gentility in the upper circles; but in London the audience is all alike in appearance. The reason is obvious: the boxes are all rated at one price.

The author says nothing new concerning Drury Lane and Covent Garden: without stopping therefore to notice the description which he gives of them, we will proceed immediately to Sadler's Wells which is a Theatre of the second order. This place is styled the *Aquatic Theatre*, and is almost exclusively devoted to *Harlequinades*; it is however frequently attended by the good society of London, who laugh heartily at the *pretty things* brought forward for their amusement. If we may judge of their taste from the analysis given by the author of a piece at present in favour, we are entitled to say that they are not very fastidious with regard to jokes.

This piece, which is entitled *London and Paris*, has not furnished its author with a single good epigram. Instead of opposing the manners of France to those of England, he has contrived nothing better than to convey his Harlequin and the spectators alternately to Paris and London: on one occasion only the scene represents a French Restaurateur and an English Tavern; but neither interest nor gaiety arises from this junction. In the eyes of the English public, the dénouement may possibly compensate for all defects; it is as follows:

It will be recollected that the late General Pillet published a work upon England of rather a satirical cast: the author of the piece in question has taken upon himself the task of punishing him. An actor in the dress of a French General is brought upon the stage, and it is insisted that he shall ask pardon of the English ladies, who, it is said, were calumniated by the General. The actor who performs this character obeys, though his submission does not exempt him from a very rigorous chastisement: this, it must be confessed, is noble vengeance. But what crime did General Pillet commit? What did he say? What did he do? He observed that the English women were deficient in grace and more particularly in what the French term *tournure*: well, the author of *six months in London* is no less culpable; he even denies the power of charming to the pretty nymph whose head is thrust forward, whose shoulders are forced towards her bosom, who walks—like a grenadier who has never been taught to march, and who has not learned to regulate the motion of his arms. With regard to taste, it is still worse. If in Paris a flower is placed in a cap, all the caps in London are immediately loaded with tulips and roses, and a lady's head assumes the appearance of a flower-woman's basket. If feathers happen to be fashionable in France, every hat in England is covered with them, and the women look like Andalusian mules. Thus, to the great mortification of Frenchmen who cross the channel, our fashions are scarcely recognizable.

In addition to the theatre above-mention-

ed, there is a French theatre established in London for the fashionable classes of society who pique themselves on thoroughly understanding our language. To this place the public are not admitted. It was established by subscription and the theatre belongs entirely to the subscribers. Our critical traveller spares neither the performers nor the repertory of this company. One actress only corresponded with his ideas of grace. The following trait will induce the reader to subscribe to the praises which he bestows on this young adept's presence of mind. Being on the stage with one of her companions who suddenly forgot her part, she immediately observed her deficiency, and exclaimed in a loud tone of voice with great volubility: "Ah! my dear, are you out in your part? don't flurry yourself. I will go on with mine. If such a misfortune should occur again, talk to me of the rain or fine weather; impart a little vehemence to your delivery, and our audience will be none the wiser: these people come here only to make it be supposed they understand us." The actress followed her advice and the piece proceeded amidst loud applause. This was indeed an excellent piece of mystification.

London is the paradise of artists who wish to get rich. They must indeed idolize a city in which they acquire such large fortunes, that an actress (Miss O'Neill) has paid 144,000 francs as her portion of the contribution known by the name of the *income tax*. Before we take leave of the theatres we must not forget to mention a very ludicrous custom: the English do not suffer play-bills to be placarded about the streets; in order to have them read, it is therefore necessary to distribute them in different shops. Our author declares that as he was once passing a butcher's shop, he observed an opera-bill, one end of which was fastened to a leg of mutton and the other to a loin of veal. We leave this fact to the responsibility of the traveller. (This we fear cannot be disputed.)

We next proceed to notice fashionable routs. This species of entertainment consists in assembling together five or six hundred persons, who crowd through a suite of elegantly furnished apartments. This custom is beginning to gain ground in Paris. It will be needless to follow the author to one of these parties at Lady A's, as the review of the company present presents nothing remarkable. We must not however omit to mention one little anecdote: the lady of the house being convinced of the impracticability of paying personal attention to seven hundred guests, ordered her carriage and drove off to spend the evening with an intimate friend, without ever being missed by the party she had left behind her.

The chapter entitled, *It is a mistake*, is calculated to excite some suspicion of the honesty of English shopkeepers. The chapter on the courts of law gives rise to an equally unfavourable opinion of debtors. If we may credit our author, a false oath is a matter about which they concern themselves but little if it will enable them to get rid of a trifling debt. Among the ludicrous causes with which these courts are sometimes occupied, we may notice an action brought by a

young lady with a view to break off an intended marriage; she alleged that after the signature of the contract, her future husband was continually disputing with her concerning the size of the stick with which the English laws authorize a husband to correct his wife. This subject of conversation at length disgusted the young lady and she took the road to *Gretna-Green* with a lover less versed in the *lex matrimonii*.

Those who have read M. Levis's excellent work on England will scarcely expect to find any new details on benevolent institutions in the pamphlet now before us. Certainly no city in the world contains so many asylums open to distress as London; but the extreme inequality of fortunes renders even these numerous charities insufficient. One cannot but approve of the benevolent views of the founders of these establishments; but what must we think of that multiplicity of lotteries, the proprietors of which are all under the protection of government?—

It would perhaps have been better had our author written nothing more than his *Fortnight* in London. That light and spirited sketch which announced no pretension, was favourably received, but the wit and gaiety of the author seems not to have been proof against a *six months' residence*."

FINE ARTS.

SCULPTURE, &c.

ROME, 27th MARCH.—The digging up of the very ancient Urns and Sarcophagi about Albano, is diligently continued. Their form is rude, representing sometimes little towers, sometimes strange little houses, in the shape of an oven. These are found, of the most various sizes, filled with ashes and bones; and the opening is closed by a lid, which is fastened with brass pins. Round about, and also within some of them, are pieces of amber, little shields, swords, lances, and clasps of metal, pots, lamps, and tripods. The material of which these sarcophagi or urns are composed, is not burnt earth, but, according to appearance, a mixture of earth and mineral pitch, or coals. What is most remarkable is, that in order to find them, one must dig first through a layer of *Peperino*, and then a thick stratum of earth; so that it is evident that they have been buried under a stratum of lava, like *Herculaneum* and *Pompeii*. Now since, according to the tradition, *Ascanius* founded his new city on the Lake of *Castel Gondolfo*, (the extinguished Volcano of the place,) the antiquity of these things must be placed farther back than the Trojan war, however averse one may be to allow this. The *Archæological Society* at Rome, has already begun to examine all these remains; and we may expect very divided opinions, and violent disputes on the subject.

Baron Von Stackelberg, one of the well-known Society of Travellers in Greece, intends to publish a work on the Athenian earthen vases, which will contain 72 plates.—Mr. Cockerell, who will soon leave Rome, and return through Germany to England, is now employed in forming a group of the Statues on the frontispiece of the Temple at *Ægina*, in the same manner as he has arranged the family of *Niobe* at Florence.—The Prussian architects, Messrs. Gan and Limann, are publishing an etching of the plan and elevation of the Museum *Clementino-Chiaramonte*.—Prince *Poniatowsky*, at Rome, is going to print a *Catalogue raisonnée* of his rich collection of gems.

—The French architect, Mr. Paris, who has spent several years at Rome, and dedicated his leisure almost exclusively to the Coliseum, and parts adjacent, has now returned to his own country, where he will probably publish a work upon those finest ruins in the world. The little chapel and hermitage in the Coliseum are pulled down, and the former is removed under a hinder arch of it.—Excavations have now been commenced at *Palestrina*, about the Temple of *Serapis*.—The discoveries of well-preserved statues, which an inhabitant of the place said he had made last year, are still involved in obscurity. The spot which he mentions, gives indeed reason to entertain hopes: it lies near *Mezza Silva*, a domain of the house *Barberini*, 12 miles from *Palestrina*, where the Villa of *Sejanus* is supposed to have stood. The neighbourhood is unfortunately very unsafe, which impedes the making of researches.

THE INTENDED NATIONAL MONUMENTS.

To the Editor.

Paris, April 17.

SIR,—I have just seen and read with great pleasure, the letter which appeared in your paper of the 12th instant, recommending the model of the Parthenon of Athens, on the occasion of erecting a monument in the environs of London to commemorate the triumphs of the British arms during the late eventful struggles.

I cannot figure to myself a more just and appropriate idea, and I trust sincerely, as an admirer of your nation, and an enthusiastic admirer of the fine arts, that it will be carried into effect.

The Parthenon of Athens, with whose proportions and general effect we are here more familiar, I believe, than you are in London, from the models of it which have been long exhibited in this city, as well perhaps as from a certain veneration for all that was Greek or Roman, which the early friends of the revolution attempted to instil into us as a nation, has ever been considered, from the earliest periods since its construction

down to the latest publication on the subject of civil architecture, as the purest model of a public building which ever came from the hands of man; and as such it is, perhaps, of all other buildings of antiquity, that which has the least suffered from the ravages of barbarian invaders, or of sacrilege under the mask of religion; and within the few last years I am happy to learn, that what the inevitable hand of time and wanton mischief would have destroyed, has been preserved for after ages—we may hope to say, for ever—by the transfer of some of its choicest portions of sculpture to your happy and sea-girt isle.

What, then, can be more worthy of a nation; how can she more nobly celebrate the heroic deeds of her warriors, than by raising to their honour, in equal if not enlarged proportions, another glory of the civilized world, another triumph of cultivated art, another sanctuary of a purer religion; and by these means perpetuate to the latest posterity the knowledge of a building which was the boast of a country, the nurse of all that was great in arms and in arts; and from which we glory to derive all our philosophy, all our morals, all our taste, all our love of liberty, all our eloquence, all our poetry; in short, all that is good, except what came immediately from Heaven—our religion? And who shall say that in so doing you are merely imitators, *servum pecus*? Which of the best orators in either of your Houses of Parliament would not glory to be called an imitator of *Demosthenes*? Can you boast any poet whom you could style an imitator of *Homer*? Which of your great historians, though the best confessedly which modern Europe has produced, can be compared with *Thucydides*, or *Herodotus*? Who of your moral philosophers would not be proud could he lecture like *Socrates*; or imitate *Xenophon* in transmitting to posterity the lectures of his master? Even in mathematics, wherein we have advanced beyond our masters, on the road they pointed out to us, who does not wish to imitate *Euclid* in the clearness of his expositions; *Archimedes* in the sublimity of his genius? And if I am in one instance obliged to travel out of Greece, because no single country can offer me a suitable prototype, I bow with pleasure to the greatness of unrivalled genius when I say, that even your immortal *Wellington* has imitated *Alexander* in his daring marches, *Hannibal* in his intrepidity, *Cæsar* in his perseverance and the never-failing resources of his mind, and *Scipio*, as well in the decisive victories he has gained, as in the unspotted purity of his heart.

But though all this, and more, may be granted to the superiority of Greece, it may still be objected that a Temple is not suited to commemorate triumphs of arms. Here, too, I must have recourse to precedents from the ancient world: and the Parthenon itself is a ready and direct evidence to the contrary; for what else is represented on the metopes of the Temple than the triumphs of *Theseus* and *Hercules* over the barbarous nations in the vicinity of their country, directly or allegorically represented? or the triumphs of the *Lapithæ* over their uncivilized

ed enemies? Can we conceive that, when Pericles was straining every nerve to prevail upon his countrymen to brave the expenses of building this Temple, he did not remind them of the illustrious deeds of their ancestors—their victories over the Persians? that he did not tell them that other monuments of their greatness might fade away; but that this, of inimitable beauty, of unrivalled strength, would present to unborn ages the fairest and proudest record of their glory, their patriotism, their pre-eminence, and their wealth?

The Temple of Theseus, too, the second ornament of Athens, was specially intended to combine the grateful memory of Theseus, the early benefactor of Athens, with those of Miltiades, one of her greatest generals, and his son Cimon, who, after his victories in the *Ægean*, transported to Athens the bones of Theseus, which had been deposited at Scyros. The temple of Venus at the Piræus, also,—for what national purpose was it erected, but to celebrate the memory of Conon's great naval victory near Cnidus?

But I am unwilling, Sir, to trespass farther on your patience than merely to suggest, that though the Romans occasionally deviated from the practice of the Greeks, and raised inferior monuments, such as columns and triumphal arches, still in Rome, as well as in Athens, Temples were erected in honour of military triumphs: Marius built the temple of honour and bravery in memory of the defeat of the Teutones and Cimbri, and Pompey dedicated a similar building to Minerva, to commemorate his victories in Asia.

NON GALLUS—NON ANGLUS.

PAINTING.

EXHIBITION OF OIL AND WATER-COLOUR PAINTINGS, IN SPRING GARDENS.

On Monday last the Exhibition was opened to the Public; and the arrangement is generally judicious, although some few pictures, which required a near view, are unavoidably placed too much above the eye. The industry of some Artists is rendered more creditable, by what is supposed to be the implied indolence of others. Mr. C. V. FIELDING has exhibited 52 pictures; Mr. J. Glover 21; and Mr. Robson 25: eleven artists no more than one each; fourteen but two each, and fourteen but three each. So that three artists have contributed 78 pictures out of the 303, which is the whole number in the room; and thirty-nine artists only 81.—We are, by no means, inclined, in all cases, to consider the greater number as the better; but, certainly, he who produces only a few pictures, unless they possess superior excellence, furnishes some reason for an opinion not very favorable to his professional ardour. In so numerous a collection there must be many degrees of merit, and not a few failures; but, on the whole, at any period, and particularly in the present discouragement and stagnation of public business, this exhibition would be an honor to the exhibitors. Our restricted limits, necessarily, confine us, in our contribution of this review, to general observations, and a notice only of particular pictures. Mr. JOHN SMITH, the President, has

nine foreign and two English views. This artist, if we do not err, early obtained, in the amateur circles, by the pure taste of his drawings, the name of "*the Italian*," or CLAUDE LORRAINE SMITH. Yet he cannot be termed, like others, a tame purloiner of Claude's bridges, or groves and distances. There is no imitation whatever of Claude's forms or objects in his performances. It is in the insinuating harmony of his gentle transitions, alone, that the resemblance lies. This fine principle, in Mr. Smith's landscapes, most probably originated in a conformity of taste; but, even if he did adopt the principle, it is combined with original conceptions and materials, which make it all his own. This artist aims at a particular excellence; and accomplishes it successfully, without bustle or ostentation. He does not seek to catch the Spectator, by an exaggerated contrast and richness of colour; or a factitious depth and abrupt opposition of light and shade. Nor does he confound us with the murkiness of night, in three parts of his landscape, to set off a flare of brightness, in a conspicuous quarter. He is a mild historian, who describes the agreeable scenes of which he was an eye-witness, with an easy unaffected perspicuity and a modest amenity, that cannot fail to obtain attention and give pleasure, even amidst a number of proud and dignified competitors. Their deeper tones and impassioned eloquence sway us, in their turn; but, with a calm, distinct, and pleasing voice, and the conscious power of simple truth, he obtains possession of his audience. His drawings are delicate; but sufficiently forcible for their small size. A greater depth of shadow would be, in some degree, if not altogether, incompatible, with his open light. His touch, his colour, his effect, whatever depends upon taste and selection, are in felicitous union with his subject. In this silent accord of the scene, the thinking, and the style, consists the spell, which, without any of the more imposing and palpable instruments of art, steals upon our feelings. The correctness of his perspective, the simplicity of his execution, the silvery brightness and tranquillity of his tones, and the utter absence of all trick and affectation, in the grouping of his objects, give a local identity to his views, which, at once, fixes the eye of a classical Spectator. Many of his prospects on the continent have an historical interest, and generally include an agreeable or romantic view of a city and the surrounding country; diversified with water; but not richly wooded. They possess, in the highest degree, a diffusion of light; an excellence, which sets off every other excellence in a landscape; and constitutes like the freshness of a flower, its most delicious charm. Mr. Smith has many able rivals, in this particular; but we know of no superior. He is, in the fullest sense, a painter of day-light. His light is not confined to any particular place, to give value to some favourite spot or object. His shadows from the accuracy of his reflections are illuminated: and, notwithstanding his light is every where; owing to the fine gradation of his local tints, his objects are in perfect subordination and repose. We make

but one exception. The light, in 244, the chapel of St. Bruno, near La Grande Chartreuse, is somewhat broken, although the view is very romantic. But his is not the sultry day, or glowing sun-shine of summer. He places before us the clear, cool sky, and pure atmosphere of a fine day in Spring; and all those, who are not bigotted to a powerful manner, and who can discover, in styles the most opposite, an according principle of beauty, or grandeur, suited to each, will feel the charming simplicity of those prospects. Amateurs, who look not beyond the surface, to principles; and who can see no beauty but in high colouring and forcible masses, will hasten to "*metal more attractive*." In addition to the pleasure which we receive from their merits, we are pleased because Mr. Smith's works afford a diversity of style. Whenever we look round an Exhibition Room, and see, in the works of a number of artists, one manner of penciling, however broad and masterly; one choice of tints, however rich in splendour and union; one prevailing tone, however harmonious; and one principle of composition, however scientific; we cannot help recalling KING PYRRHUS's apprehension, in the moment of his first victory over the Romans, and we endeavour to forget that it was a sameness of thinking and execution, which, even in an age of genius and patronage, produced the *bravura of manner that first corrupted, and rapidly accelerated the downfall of the Italian School*.

No. 97, Ross, in Herefordshire, by Mr. Joshua Cristall, is about the size of an 8vo. page; and dashed off with a sketchy, tasteful spirit; but much too slight and untuned for an exhibition picture, by so distinguished an artist. It is one of those sprightly crudities, which a master, whose hand is vainly endeavouring to keep pace with the rapid march of his mind, runs off at once, rather as a memorandum for himself, than a finished performance. The figures are cleverly designed, but the handling is too large for so small a sized picture, even if it were a fanciful effusion; and the forms are too undefined for that identity, which is essential to a local view. It may be considered a drop hastily spilled from a vessel overflowing with a precious liquor; a crumb fallen from a rich man's table, which cannot diminish his wealth or reputation. The worst of it is, that this play of a powerful mind, when placed in an exhibition-room, may have the ill effect of causing Students to reckon too much on speed and facility, and even to look upon the art itself as a play-thing.

74. *Latona and the Lycian Peasants*. In this grand composition, which we understand is his first large work in oil colours, Mr. Cristall appears in his proper element. Although he has borrowed his story from Ovid, he has had to invent the whole of his materials; and the fire of his rich and elevated imagination, which is too much restricted in the mere identities of local transcription, shines forth in all its glory. With a purity of taste, visible in all his designs, he has chosen the moment before the transformation of the peasants; and, thereby, avoided the vulgar exhibition of monsters, partly frog and partly human. *Latona* kneels beside the

stream; her figure is averted from the threatening clowns who have repulsed her from the current, and her countenance turned towards them, with a look of calm and dignified expostulation. She shelters, within the haven of her arms, her twin children. One, the infant Apollo, who is seen in profile, bends his neck to drink from her hollow palm the water which she had raised in her hand; the other, the infant Diana, has wholly hid her face within the refuge of her bosom. Her yellow hair above her shoulders, the head and figure of the latter, are seen in a back view. The painter has given Latona "*digna Dea facies*," and the antique grandeur and beauty of her countenance might well have made her the choice of *Jove*. The expression of anger and reproach is designed in the same great style; so chastened as to lose no part of her majestic character in the violence of passion. It is a deep movement of the soul which we read in her look. This sedate majesty is diffused over her whole person and attitude. There is a noble grace in the action of her arm and hand, with which she gives the water to the thirsty lips of her child; and the beauty and spirit of the two-fold action, her countenance turned back addressing the peasants, and her hands in an opposite direction, employed in the offices of maternal tenderness, display one of those quick impulses of the heart, which, in a moment of danger, inspires a mother with the highest power of natural eloquence. Her close drapery is of bright crimson, and her mantle of bright blue; the folds of which are disposed with breadth, to show the forms which they cover. This group considered in parts, singly, or altogether, fills the mind of the spectator; and gives an exalted opinion of the painter's genius. It exhibits the *Raphaelic* principle, a union of ideal grandeur in the forms, and whatever belongs to the invention and disposition; with a chaste simplicity and truth in the expression of the passions and affections of nature. This elevated union is the leading feature in *Cristall's* figures; of which his *Shepherds fishing*, and his *Village Girl*, with a water vessel at a rustic fountain, exhibited some years ago, were striking instances. Neither were raised above the character of ordinary life; yet each united with the homely garb and simplicity of rustic occupation, a certain tranquillity of movement and gentleness of disposition, which gave a classical purity and elegance to the whole. In this picture, there is nothing forced or vulgar in the rusticity of the peasants. Their character is truly *Virgilian*; and even their savage intention, although distinctly marked, is expressed in a mitigated tone, and a subdued violence. The foremost stands in the stream with one foot advanced on the brink, to prevent the approach of *Latona*. He stoops down, pointing to the water with one hand, and with the palm of the other turned towards her, rudely motions her to be gone. He is speaking; and his gestures and action plainly tell the story. Close beside him, one of his boisterous companions stands down in the stream, and muddies it with his staff,

feet and hands. A third stands behind these two in the stream. A fourth, holding a reaping hook, points forbiddingly to the goddess. Three more young peasants are pressing on behind, with taunting gestures; followed by an old man. A young man, seated on the opposite bank, has one foot in the water. The stream here is so very narrow, that this last group with his obstreperous comrades. He is seen, undraped, in a back view; and the painter has shewed in the anatomical details, that his studies at the *Royal Academy* were not thrown away. The turn of his head to the old man and the action of his extended hand imply that he is reasoning the case with him; and we may suppose that the Senior is averse to their unmanly proceeding. There are nine peasants in this group, sufficiently varied, without the ostentation of Venetian contrasts; eight are in action; the ninth, the sitting figure, harmonises the effect of so much motion, by a due balance of action and repose. W. C.

* * We are obliged to postpone the conclusion of this article till our next Number.

LITHOGRAPHY.

EXTRACT OF A REPORT MADE TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS AT PARIS, BY A SPECIAL COMMITTEE, ON A COLLECTION OF LITHOGRAPHIC PRINTS BY M. ENGELMANN.

It has always been matter of surprise that the ancients, though they made a multitude of works cut either hollow or in relief, on wood, on metals and on hard stones, and having necessarily taken impressions of all the objects thus cut, did not invent either printing or engraving. There is perhaps less reason to wonder than has been supposed, if it be true that necessity is the mother of almost all inventions. The ancients had much less to read than the moderns, and in proportion they wrote and read much less. Their way of life, their political employments, the public exercises, the games and spectacles, kept the men almost constantly out of their houses. The demands of commerce, taste and knowledge did not require those communications between all the parts of the ancient world, which exist in our times. The means of multiplying books by manuscript copies were sufficient to meet the demand.

The state of things was very different at the revival of the Arts and Sciences in Europe. In proportion as the zeal of the learned reproduced the works of the ancients, it was not merely a few men of learning, but all civilized nations who desired to share in these discoveries. An economical method of copying might be expected to rise from the extraordinary demand for Copies, and as the latter grew more extravagant in their demands, necessity led to the discovery or rather to the observation of what had hitherto escaped attention. As soon as books were multiplied by the art of printing, it became equally necessary to multiply the images which formerly could be inserted in them; only by the slow and expensive process of painting or drawing. Then *Mazzo Finiguerra*, an engraver at *Niello*, applied to this multiplication, now become necessary, the method which he employed to obtain impressions of his works; and which had not yet been applied to drawing for books. Hence arose engraving on copper.

I have often thought, says Mr. Quatremère de Quincy, "that the ancients employed some similar process, particularly at Rome, when the taste of amateurs had rendered it ne-

cessary to multiply images in the libraries, and family portraits in the collections which were made of them. Atticus had already made a pretty large collection of portraits in a volume; edito de his volumine, when Varro brought the iconographic collection of his illustrious men to seven hundred. But shall we believe that what was called the invention of Varro, *inventum Varronis*, an invention which Pliny extols in the most extravagant terms, was limited to forming a collection of portraits drawn or coloured? We see that Atticus had done this before him. But the increase of the number is not an invention. Will it be said that Varro's invention consisted in not confining his collection to a single copy, and in having various copies made of the images contained in it? But neither is this an invention; for at all times, and in every branch of the arts, works have been multiplied by copying them. Would Pliny say of so vulgar a method? "*Inventor muneris etiam diis invidiosi*." An invention of which the Gods themselves might be jealous; which makes great men triumph over death and time, and not only gives them immortality, but by every where dispersing their images makes the whole world enjoy their presence in the collections which contain them." *Quando immortalitatem non solum dedit, verum etiam in omnes terras misit, ut presentes esse ubique et claudi possent.* (Plin. lib. xxxv. cap. 2.) Assuredly the idea of sending volumes to different countries could never constitute an invention.

It is therefore very probable that some method of multiplying images, either drawn or coloured, was the foundation of Varro's discovery, and that this process, which might be something very different from engraving on copper, has not come down to us. In fact, it is impossible to guess how many equivalents for engraving there may be. The Egyptians had processes of this kind which are no longer used. The celebrated passage of Petronius, whether we read *Egyptiorum* or substitute for it, the word *Ectyporum*, implies an abridged process of painting. How many others still remain to be discovered! New means of multiplying works will doubtless be found, as the necessity for them shall be felt. In the present state of manners, every house, every room almost is a larger or smaller collection of engravings; and the quantity of works which require plates is numberless. Hence the increase of the demand increases the want, and this calls more and more for methods of multiplication and economy. New processes may therefore be expected to be discovered. Such a process is Lithography, of the origin of which some account is given in No. XII. of the Literary Gazette. The writer of that article does not appear however to have been aware of the very high degree of perfection to which this admirable invention has been already brought. Some years ago, we remember to have seen in Germany numerous productions of this new art, both original drawings and copies from celebrated pictures of the old masters. The characteristic truth with which this art reflects, as in a mirror, the peculiarities of every different style and species of composition render it highly worthy of attention. We have lately seen at Mr. Boosey's in Broad Street some numbers of a Lithographic collection published at Munich, from which a judgment may be formed of what may reasonably be expected from it when further improved. Among them we observed landscapes after *Ermels* and *Rembrandt*, historical compositions after various masters, as for instance, a large one of a dead Christ, and many figures, after *Vandyk*, &c. &c. It is probably to be ascribed to the long

was and the convulsed state of Europe, that this art has hitherto been so little known and practised in England and France. In the latter country, Mr. Engelmann, who had a Lithographic establishment at Muhlhausen, has now formed one at Paris, which the Royal Academy of the Fine Arts has, on a view of some of his performances, recommended to the special protection of the government.

We cannot give a full description of all the details of the Lithographic process, because a mystery is made of some of the means of execution; but a general idea may be given in a few words. The following is the basis of this process, and that in which it differs from other species of engraving. The effects produced by a trace made on the stone with a fat or resinous body, are the very simple results of affinities, the application of which had not been attended to.

1st. It is certain that a line drawn with a pencil or fat ink on a stone, adheres to it so strongly that mechanical means must be employed to remove it.

2dly. All those parts of the stone which are not covered with a layer of fat or grease, receive, retain, and absorb water.

3dly. If over a stone so prepared, a layer (couche) of greasy and coloured matter be passed, it will attach only to the lines made by the greasy ink, while it will be repelled by the wetted parts.

In a word, the Lithographic process depends on the circumstance, that the stone which has imbibed water, repels ink, and that the same stone when greased repels water and holds ink. Thus by applying and pressing a sheet of paper on the stone, the greasy, resinous, and coloured lines alone, will be transferred to the paper, giving the counter proof of what they represented on the stone.

By making on paper a drawing with prepared ink, and transferring it to the stone, you may obtain impressions exactly like the original, that is, not reversed, as is the case in engravings on copper.

All kinds of stone susceptible of being penetrated by a fat substance, and of imbibing water with facility, are proper for Lithography, provided they are compact, take a good polish and are of a light and uniform colour: all these advantages are found united in certain calcareous stones, which are furnished in abundance by the quarries of Solen-Hofen, near Pappenheim in Bavaria. It is a carbonate of lime almost pure: it is found also in other places.

When the stone is prepared and polished, the artist may, without any other preparation, sketch his design as he pleases and finish it with the crayon, the pen or the pencil. The grain of the stone being uniform and finer than the finest wove paper, he may execute his work in the most delicate manner.

Lithography will furnish us with real polytype, the more valuable as it may be extended to the productions of the graver; it suffices to take off a proof of an engraving, to apply it immediately on the stone, and counter-proof it there by the usual method, and to have a second plate like the copper plate, from which a much greater number of impressions may be taken.

The first Lithographic productions wanted strength, and were very unequal; the finer parts did not take the ink, and the other parts took too much; the design lost its effect.

Mr. Engelmann's first care was to remedy these inconveniences. He made new instruments, which permitted him to estimate more exactly the proportions of the ingredients. A great objection to the method of the first inventors was the impossibility of retouching a design

after an impression was taken. Mr. Engelmann has obviated this also: new proofs may be taken off for a trial; the design may then be continued, the weak parts strengthened, those that seem too black made lighter, and the whole completed by giving it the greatest degree of strength and the highest finishing.

There are various Lithographic processes: some that resemble engraving on copper or wood. For these as well as for the description of the press, and for all the little details, we refer to the report, where they are described with much clearness, and where the reader will find an enumeration of all the advantages which we already owe, and the prediction of several others which we shall in future owe to the Lithographic Art.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—ITALIAN OPERA.

DON GIOVANNI.

Don Juan forms still the great focus of attraction among the fashionable and unfashionable, musical and unmusical public: and this is likely to be the case for some time. At no former season have we seen so many new faces in the boxes and pit of the Opera, and found, as now, the Theatre crowded long before the beginning of the performance. The success of this Opera, while it amply rewards the Managers' exertions, will, we are sure, act as a stimulus on future occasions, both in the musical and ballet departments.

COVENT GARDEN.

KEMBLE IN CORIOLANUS.

On Saturday last, an immense crowd assembled early at the pit-doors of *Covent Garden Theatre*, drawn by the expected appearance of *Kemble in Coriolanus*.

The admirable manner in which Shakespeare has drawn the Roman character, and the great style in which this eminent Tragedian has been accustomed to represent it, were powerful attractions. The known circumstance that it was the last time he was to appear in that part, produced an extraordinary sensation among the lovers of the Drama; and it is supposed that a large portion of the classical taste of London was assembled in the House. A momentous interest was visible before the curtain drew up. The appearance of *Mr. Kemble* was followed by a testimony of enthusiastic respect, which even exceeded his welcome on any preceding night. He was in high health and spirits; and when we beheld his lofty figure and stately port; his antique costume, and dignified countenance flashing with Patrician pride, amidst the solemn temples and other edifices of ancient Rome, which are so finely painted in the scenes, the actor appeared contemporary with those august monuments of architecture; and the edifices worthy of him. He seemed an ancient Roman Commander in his birthplace. *Montesquieu* and *Gibbon* have introduced us to Rome in her decline and fall; but *Kemble* presents Rome to our view, in her majesty, before her highest elevation. As we looked up, we conceived the genius of that exalted city, and of our immortal poet, were embodied in one. The transcendent merits of this great performer's *Coriolanus* are

so fully impressed upon the public, that any observation, here, may be deemed superfluous. Yet we cannot be wholly silent. The ineffable disdain, with which he addressed the Populace, and their Tribunes, before; and when, soliciting their votes for the consulship; the heroic bravery with which he dared "the steep Tarpeian death;" and pronounced sentence of banishment upon the city; the imposing grandeur with which he stood beside the statue of Mars and bared his breast to the sword of his sworn enemy, *Tullus Aufidius*; and the various gradations of passion with which he received, withstood, and finally yielded to, the prayers and tears of his mother, wife, and child, were given in a noble style; and answered, by the audience, with ample peals of applause.

On Tuesday evening, *Kemble* performed *Brutus*, to as crowded and select an audience, with great energy and applause.

At *DRURY LANE THEATRE*, *Mr. Kean* performed *Macbeth*, on Tuesday evening, to a very full house, in his best style. It is one of the parts in which his stature is somewhat against him; but we shall notice the striking beauties of this performance hereafter. *Mrs. Hill*, a lady from the *Belfast Theatre*, made her first appearance in the character of *Lady Macbeth*; and was, with great justice, well received.

W. C.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE MANŒUVRING FAMILY.

Lady Eleanore — opened her new house last week, in the very first style of taste and elegance. The hall resembled an immense shrubbery, being filled with myrtles and flowering plants: twelve footmen in costly liveries of crimson, covered with lace, lined the passage leading to the foot of the great staircase: this was bordered, on each side, with vases containing the rarest, most fragrant and expensive flowers, and adorned alternately with huge jars of the finest porcelain, and antique candelabras: the staircase, as well as all the apartments, was one blaze of light: superb lustres and chandeliers in abundance, statues holding vessels of burning odours, curtains composed of the finest and most elegantly disposed drapery, with valuable pictures of the Roman and Flemish schools, and large foreign mirrors, gave an unequalled splendour to an extensive suite of rooms terminating in an admirably painted window, illuminated so as to give it high effect: the refreshment room represented a Turkish tent; and the ball-room was unique as to the beauty, novelty and fancifulness of its decorations.

A military band, placed judiciously on the staircase, and one composed entirely of foreigners in the dancing room, enlivened the gay scene; whilst her ladyship, like a resplendent constellation, shone above the rest in a profusion of diamonds,

and, adorned with the amiable smile of good-nature, received her numerous company with the most easy and becoming grace, and did the honours of her house in a very superior style. The liveliness of her conversation, and a perfect knowledge of *usage du monde*, added to a distinguished education and unaffected manners, fit her for this task beyond any woman I know, and make her parties delightful.

The bill of fare was, a rout, a waltz and quadrille ball, and a select supper for the very *élite* of fashion, confined to one hundred and twenty persons, and not served up until two o'clock, which allowed the loungers, dowagers and *ennuyés*, to depart previously; and gave a large proportion of her guests, who came from the opera, two hours for cards, or the sprightly dance, before this admirable repast united what remained of beauty and fashion in her attractive mansion. Ices, pines and every delicacy composed the *souper*, and did credit to the taste and exertions of Gunter, the whole concluding with a breakfast for the *determined* dancers, who kept it up until the sun was high, not to forget the *Champagne* punch made with green tea, a glass or two of which added brilliancy and witchery to many a destructive eye.

At first entering the principal card-room, it seemed to represent a forest of nodding plumes; such was the crowd of *belles*; but, as the morn advanced and the circle diminished, space improved, and allowed full play to graceful movements, and full room to contemplate polished arms and snow-white bosoms, enchantingly rounded and well turned limbs, high complexions, the charm of raven and other glossy ringlets, with a variety of becoming attire, doing justice to the fairest work of nature—Woman.

In the course of the night, as I was standing at the entrance of the Quadrille room, a very fine boy, son to Mr. L— came up to me, and said with a deep sigh: "poor Mama always loses at cards." "Not always," replied I; "for I have often seen her win, when her husband and she played as partners together at Whist." "Ah," replied the boy, "when papa and mama play together; but not else." Just at this moment, I perceived a kind of agitation and a circle formed in the adjoining apartment; and, on enquiring the cause, found Mrs. L— apparently under the influence of hysteria. Three of her lovely daughters, in complete Parisian costume, were near her; the one explaining with great anxiety, that *mama*, nor any of their family had ever been taken so before, or were

at all subject to fits! the other two supporting her on their ivory bosoms in silent sympathy, and evident consternation; the fourth daughter, with full blue eye, and matchless form, the very *γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη* of Homer, was looking on with placid composure, and telling the Duke of — in whose arm she was linked, that she was sure it would soon be over; nor did she take that interest in the affair which filial piety, or even policy ought to have dictated. Sophia, for that is her name, was dressed differently from her three sisters, being habited entirely in Brussels lace, a robe of the most exquisite choice, and highest price. Old Lord E— finished the picture, by being placed on one knee at Mrs. L.'s feet, holding a smelling bottle in his hand.

The first words that the fair sufferer uttered, were: "don't call Mr. L—; don't let him know that I was taken ill." "No, pray don't tell papa," responded the *four* graces, her daughters, "else he'll take us all home, before we have had half dancing enough." "I hope you won't waltz," said the Duke to Sophia; "and pray don't let that odious northern Baronet be your vis-à-vis in the Quadrille." "I won't dance at all, if you like" melliflously and languishingly sighed out Sophia. The Duke looked delighted, and, taking her by the hand, promenaded it through the suite of rooms until supper time. — "All affectation," said Lady Margaret C—, a maiden aunt of our enchanting hostess's and aged 50, casting an ill-natured glance at Mrs. L—. "No fit at all," cried the Dowager Lady B—. "All a sham," said another female: "it's only because she lost forty guineas at *petits paquets*; and could not command her tears." "It serves her right," added an uncharitable fourth; and thus the matter ended.

It struck me as not probable that forty guineas could be an object to the wife of a man who was said to be worth sixty thousand pounds. I resolved, however, at all events to call the next morning to enquire after her health, and did so accordingly. In the hall, I met a noisy Frenchman vociferating: "Dami! she most com down, or I shall com op: vat stof! ten time I cole by appointment; an shi always sick: dam nonsince; pot offe pipill dis vay."—I brushed by the hasty Gaul, and made my way up to the drawing-room. I found her about three o'clock, ill-dressed, disordered in her appearance, pale, *abattue*, and care-worn. After the necessary enquiries respecting her health, and an Englishman's resource in conversation, namely the state of the weather, I asked her if I could do any thing for

her in town, as I presumed that she meant to keep her room; or, finally, if I could be of any use to her in any way? She answered me in the affirmative, begging me to call on Mr. Levi, the Jew, and to pass my word that he would be paid in three months. I agreed to do so; and asked if I could do any thing more for her. She replied, "no; I'm only afraid of two other people, which are, a French hotel-keeper" (our noisy friend in the passage), "and my French dress-maker: now my husband must pay the former; and W— has promised to manœuvre the latter for me."

All this surprised me in the extreme, but I resolved to save her as far as I could: "and, where," said I, "are your delightful daughters?" "Georgina," said she, "who will make the best of wives, is attending to the domestic concerns of the house; my dear Mary, who is a prodigy of talent, is at her Harp; sprightly Fanny is writing out the figure of some new Quadrilles—she dances like a divinity; and mild interesting Sophia is riding out with the Duke:—but stop," added she, "till I fetch you Levi's letter." At this moment a servant brought her a note which she opened with much emotion, and read with equal avidity; her countenance now brightened up; and, as she ran out of the room for the Israelite's letter, the note fell open at my feet, and—in spite of myself, I could not help seeing its contents. It was from old Lord E—, as follows: "My dear madam: I was afflicted beyond measure at your indisposition and ill luck of last night. The former, I trust, has subsided; and the latter is not worth a thought, as you may command my purse to any extent.—Yours with sincerest regard.—E." The postscript contained an assignation. This astounded me. Wonders, I thought, would never cease: but, at this moment, Mrs. L— entered the room, and gave me her commands for the Jew.

I met Mr. and Mrs. L— at dinner, when another circumstance made me marvel at the transactions of the family. The fond couple came so late, that the party despaired of them; and we had set down to the first course. Mr. L— apologized for being so late, informing us, at the same time, that he had ordered his carriage at half past six; but that his coachman, under pretence of getting one of the horses shod, never made his appearance until twenty minutes past seven. "But," concluded he, "I shall discharge him to-morrow." At this very instant, the Butler came into the room with a three shilling piece on a silver waiter, and, presenting it to Mr. L—, informed

him, that the hackney coachman who brought him, would not take it, it being a counterfeit. The deepest tinge of the damask rose covered the countenance of Mr. L——; and the effect of this detection in a falsehood, attacked Mrs. L——'s nervous system so, that she trembled like a leaf. Six pair of eye-brows rose up in astonishment at once round the table; the lady of the house smiled; her daughter tittered; and the four graces bit their lips till they exhibited marks of violence. W—— good naturedly offered all the relief he could, by saying to Mrs. L——: "there has been a *dryness* betwixt you and me, ever since you came into the house; but our Noble host has the best White Hermitage in the world, which affords the means of removing it." The call was obeyed; and Mrs. L—— *stomached* her exposure as well as she could. After this, I proposed a glass ofillery; and betwixt this, some malaga at desert, and a taste of noyau, I thought I perceived an alteration in the good lady's appearance, which puzzled me not a little.

I had always considered Mrs. L—— as a pattern to wives and mothers, and as the economical partner of an opulent husband; so that all these unexpected discoveries had double influence on my mind, and my only means of unravelling this mysterious business, was a visit to consult my oracle, W——, the next day. "What a flat you must be (said he to me) to have been for half a day imposed upon by the appearances of the L—— family. The man never had above five hundred per annum in his life: the B—— estate *was* a thousand; but it was mortgaged for ten thousand by his father, forty years ago: his money in the stocks, which was called forty thousand pounds, never was more than five thousand; which was laid out on the town house, on which an annuity of two hundred per annum has been due: therefore, judge how the family could carry on the war, with two carriages, riding horses, four expensive daughters, and a son at Eton, without a devilish deal of manœuvring!"

"The resources of the family are; first, that Mr. L—— belongs to a great many clubs, and as he is an excellent whist player, has always a balance in his favor in play accounts, at the end of the year, playing on the square; secondly, Mrs. L—— and himself frequent all the best routs, and contrive to play as partners; in which case, they practise as many private signals as would perplex the most expert signal officer in the fleet, and by these means, certain and exten-

sive gains are produced in the winter, which enable them to stand the summer campaign at a watering place; thirdly, Mrs. L—— takes all the card money herself, which pays for wax lights and a hired groom of the chambers, at her own routs; and as one of her footmen is an ignoramus of a foreigner, and the other a stripling of sixteen, *drilled by her own hand*, they do not interfere in this particular; fourthly, the three graces and the muse, as the Duke calls them, or the four graces, as they are nick-named at Brighton, are marshalled at card parties as follows:—three, with the brother, (if in time of vacation) who gives his hacknied sigh, and says: "If I win I'll give my winnings to sisters," are placed at a crown commerce table, and this judicious hint produces three beaux, who, by putting their best cards into the fair sisters' hands, and often cheating for them, make one of the three win the pool; whilst Sophia plays by the Duke's side at a round game for gold, and pockets either his or her good luck, which, in case of loss, is made up by his Grace; fifthly, the girls are given out for large fortunes, and by that means, added to the charms of their persons, draw a swarm of young men about them, from all of whom they receive presents, and turn them to account by divers feints and demonstrations—sometimes they fancy bonnets and dresses, but "Papa is so stingy that they can't afford them" then "Papa is so ill natured, that he won't let them go to the Opera, but if a box were hired, he could not refuse"—next "Mama is so particular that she won't let them go to a masquerade, and says that it is a very improper place for young people, but they are sure that if tickets were sent as a present, and Mr. such-a-one would persuade her, he could do any thing with Mama, as she has such a high opinion of him;"—then again, "they have forgot their purse, at a jeweller's, or they would take an ice at a confectioner's, if they thought it would not hurt them," and they consequently receive advice of some admiring swain to take the ice by all means, and the youth pays not only for it, but puts a basket of expensive fruit into the carriage; sixthly, Mrs. L—— has borrowed money of twenty admirers of her daughters, and one of her own, on the pretence that she has been a little foolish and extravagant this year, and dares not inform her husband how much she owes, but hopes to take him in a good humour some day, when she will return the sum borrowed—this motion however has been adjourned, *sine die*; lastly, in spite of

all this, all parties are deeply in debt, and their carriage was seized this morning, but, as the Duke has promised to get Mr. L—— into parliament, that difficulty will be fought off until the next session.

"Moreover, Georgina the prudent, is designed for an ugly old Indian General, and has quite seen service enough, to immolate herself at the altar of Mammon, and to worship the golden calf; whilst Fanny, twice disappointed by swains, who have declared off on Papa's refusing to make any settlement during his life, has had a strong nibble from a beardless young West India Planter, whom Mama has *sent for to forbid* him the house, for fear of further gaining her daughter's affections, Mr. L—— thinking her too young to marry: Sophia is losing herself with the Duke, from whom the Brussels lace gown and a suit of pearls came, and is giving much uneasiness to his little Duchess; and Mama, fat, fair and forty, has so captivated old Lord E——, that she may lose as much in future at games of hazard as she pleases, without any apprehension whatever." Thus ended the family history, and I made W—— promise me before we parted to give me an account of the Philandering Duke, of the Doctor, alias the Lawyer, and of a maiden Aunt, at our next meeting.

FRENCH MANNERS.

(*Mœurs Françaises.*)

By M. Jouy.

LE SOLITAIRE DES LANDES.

While the loquacity of my *voiturin* was excited, on the subject of this rude country, in which he was born, and of which he speaks with attachment, he frequently quoted, as authority for the wonderful things which he related to me, a notable of the country, who has been named the *Solitary of the Landes*: this name was alone sufficient to excite my curiosity; it was increased when I learned that this solitary, formerly a member of the great world, was Mr. N***, not less known for his probity, his talents, and his understanding, than for the great functions, which he has so worthily filled. Undeceived at once, respecting the illusions of ambition and of happiness, by the death of a son who fell gloriously on the field of battle, he came to seek in the retirement of the Landes, an asylum from the injustice of men, and from reverses of fortune.

I was not disposed to lose this opportunity of visiting at the same time an extraordinary man, and a remarkable country. Without regard to the observations, that were made on the nature of the road, or rather the want of road, in the twelve leagues of desert which we had to traverse, depending on the local knowledge of my guide aided by my patience and my curiosity, I proceeded to penetrate into the wildest part of the Landes, furnished with provisions as if for a long voyage.

I might prolong my narrative by various episodes, enliven it by the numerous incidents of a journey, where my honest Lannusquet, every moment on the point of overturning, every minute stopped by sands, bogs and ravines, attempted to prove to me that the road was as level as a bowling-green, and that he walked his horses, for no other reason in the world, than to give me time to examine at leisure, what he called the *Garden of France*! but I do not narrate, I examine; and I owe my readers an account of my observations, and not of my adventures.

The first objects on which my attention dwelt with astonishment, were the downs, the moving mountains, which the author of the essays calls *de grandes montjoies, d'arènes mouvantes*, and which would in the end have invaded the whole country had not means been found to stop them by what they call *Semis*. This admirable discovery consists in sowing upon the downs, in stages (*étages*, perhaps a kind of terrace or mound of earth) which are formed and kept up with the assistance of interwoven osiers and brushwood, the seeds of pines, broom and other trees which grow rapidly, and the roots of which penetrate into the sand, agglomerate its parts and fix the little hill. Already the church and village of *Mimisan* were on the point of being buried under the sands; and the ponds of *Aureilhan*, of *Parentis*, of *Bicarsosse*, of *Sanguinet* and of *Casaux*, driven back by the downs, were flowing back upon the higher grounds; the new *Semis* have begun to check this evil. There is no doubt but the government will continue these useful and important labours, the success of which will give the state fine forests and preserve a valuable country.

This epithet applied to the Landes will surprise only those, who judge of things by the vague idea which they form of them after their name: in fact the *Lande* furnishes but a very small quantity of rye and millet, scarcely sufficient for its scanty population; but it is rich in tar, in resins, materials, which a better mode of preparation, render daily more fit for the service of our marine: it furnishes honey, wax, and cork. The excellent game and water-fowl in which this country abounds, the fish of its ponds, its sheep, its wild pigeons (*palombes*) so justly famous, have placed the *Lande* almost on a level with *La Châlosse*, in the esteem of the Epicureans.

But I perceive on an elevated spot in the midst of a group of oaks planted with some symmetry, a cottage of large size and more elegant form than the others: it is that of the solitary of the Landes.

Scarcely had we reached the elevation from which we perceived this palace covered with thatch, when we saw, coming towards us from the end of the plain, five or six *Coustors*, shepherds mounted on their high stilts, whose strange appearance could not fail to alarm the boldest who should not be prepared to see them. I could not but admire the prodigious agility, with which they walk,

perched on two sticks that raise them four or five feet from the ground. With the help of a long pole, with which they are provided, I saw them clear enclosures, and ditches, some of which were not less than twenty feet wide. As soon as we got sight of them, *Jean* my driver, made them a signal with his whip, to which they replied by a cry of *Croyemen*, softly! softly!

The nearer we approached the hermitage, the more difficult did the road become, and but for the assistance and advice of the shepherds who accompanied us, it is probable, that at least the carriage would have been unable to proceed.

The solitary was absent when we arrived. A young country lad, after having conducted us into the house, leaped upon the mantelpiece of a very high chimney to fasten his *seven league boots*, and went out to inform his master of our arrival.

The first sight of the house, gave me an idea of the owner, which his appearance soon justified; every thing in it announced order, taste, and elegance of manners, in the midst of extreme simplicity. The bed-chamber in the form of a tent, was papered with maps, and furnished with a painted iron bedstead, the four feet of which stood in so many vessels filled with water (probably to keep off the insects); with some garden chairs; and with a library, insulated from the wall and from the floor by means of the same precautions which had been taken for the bed. I did not fail to examine one by one, the books of which this library was composed; every thing was there; Voltaire, Montesquieu, Montaigne, Bacon, Moliere, and the *Fables* of Lafontaine, translated (that is the fables) into Gascon Patois, at the expense, and by the care of the late M. Francois Batbedat de Vicq.

Through a large window looking towards the country, I saw at a distance M. N*** coming in a little old fashioned car, drawn by two oxen; I went to meet him; he alighted, and welcomed me with a benevolent smile, which put me in mind of the hospitality of which I had hitherto found no example except in Homer.

The Solitary of the Landes, with whom I have passed two of the best days of my life, is a man of about fifty years of age, of a tall stature; his face has a peculiar expression of elevation, irony, and goodness, which one should think must exclude each other. His manners offer equally extraordinary contrast of reserve and frankness, of politeness and abruptness, which shew every moment, in the man as he now is, the man such as he has been; his expression is picturesque, and his habitual deportment that of a superior man who lowers himself to nothing and raises all to himself.

I introduced myself as a hermit who came to visit another, and to relieve himself for some hours in the company of a practical philosopher, from the turbulent spectacle of the great society of fools.

In my next I shall finish the sketch of one of the most estimable characters that I have had an opportunity of observing, and of the people and rude country where this virtuous man has chosen his retreat.

PORTRAITS IN HIGH LIFE.

PORTRAIT III.

LORD ARMATUS.

The illustrious family, descended from royal blood, to which this Peer belongs, is extremely ancient, if not opulent. The late Earl of B— left a noble and able triumvirate to represent the dignified stock of their ancestors, which they do in an eminent manner, adding talent to birth, worth to high rank, and good conduct to unsullied nobility.

The elder brother, the Earl, has ever been a moral man and a good scholar, and has proved that "*virtus sola nobilitas*," by undergoing great privations in the morning of life, in order to disencumber his property, and to pay an honored parent's debts; thus doubly sanctifying filial piety and setting a high example to our worthless men of rank and fashion. These habits of economy became strong and deep-rooted in his Lordship, and have naturally and properly assumed the form of immutable stability. This taste for saving is common to his Lordship's two brothers, Lord Armatus, and the incomparably witty, amiable and celebrated commoner, who ennobles the profession of jurisprudence, and adds lustre to the house whose family name he bears; in so much that, the Earl himself sported an excellent joke on the subject: a friendly dispute being entered into, respecting the breadth of shoulder and depth of chest of the brothers, the Earl observed, that he believed their was not an *open chest* in the whole family.

Lord Armatus at an early period of life embarked unsuccessfully in the much honored and very honorable profession of arms; but the season was unpropitious; the sun of patronage and the influence of gold could alone, at that period, mature the soldier into promotion, or bring him forth in the light which his merit required. Industrious, becomingly proud, and independent, Lord Armatus chose not to be the drone of a quality hive, nor to lean upon relations for support; well aware of what titled poverty, cold looks and cold reception might produce, and of the truth of the Italian proverb

"Buon e l'amico, e buon il parente,
"Ma trista la casa dove non se trova niente."

He accordingly entered into the profession of the law, to which he was a valuable acquisition, an immense accession of talent, a Cicero of elocution, and a valiant defender of the liberties of his fellow men. In him, the constitution found a strong support; the poor and oppressed, a zealous advocate; tyranny and injustice, a formidable foe. In his legal career, whilst he shone a bright luminary of ge-

¹ The excellent work of M. Tassin, formerly secretary-general, may be consulted respecting the moveable downs. While we were writing these lines, a Royal Ordinance fulfilled our wish.

nus at the British bar, his worthy brother in blood and profession, irradiated by his towering abilities another clime, and, by the scintillations of the most sparkling wit, cheered the weary barrister in the fatigues of his duty, edified and amused the admiring bench and crowded court by the relief which his rare and diversified endowments afforded, and immortalized his name as an advocate and as a man. These brethren, then, did not, like Castor and Pollux, glitter by turns in the same hemisphere, and alternately sojourn in the shade; but they at once illumined different spheres, in which each was a fiery meteor of unequalled transcendancy, and they both at once lived in the hearts of their grateful countrymen.

As a poet and as an author, Lord Armatas has done less than, from the high scale of his abilities, might have been expected. An early poetical effusion, rather too warm and too loose, and a recent production, are not worthy to rank with his flowery, yet convincing strokes of oratory, nor with the graver productions of his genius. His enemies have accused him of a proneness to the tender passion, which when properly directed, most of all mellows and softens the heart of feeling and humanity, and which, it is assumed by them, has left many living examples of misplaced tenderness, weakness and error. They have also insinuated that a green ribband has sealed up the bold and impartial lip of eloquence; and that a *polar star* has eclipsed the irradiations of his former days. To the first and second charges, we must oppose a *writ* of human error, and the difficulty of combining such exalted, yet varied talent in one mind. To the last, we may say, that a man must have little self-love and little ambition, who can look indifferently on distinction, offered by the approving hand of his Sovereign, and elevating him to a station in society to which his birth and services so justly entitle him; but we fear that the ancient and tried friends of Lord Armatas will not deem this a sufficient apology! To conclude, if the enquiring eye of the astronomer, on contemplating the dazzling orb of day, can perceive spots upon his golden disk, what will not the all-searching eye of jealous scrutiny discover on the most splendid refulgence of mortal brightness? This we will say: "the star and the ribband were fairly won;" and we hope that the wearer will ever remember its appropriate motto: "*Nemo me impune lacessit.*"

ROMAN LETTERS.

NOTE. We should have introduced the following under the head of "*Polite Literature*," had we not had some suspicion that, artfully constructed as they are, they have more reference to modern than to ancient manners. Thus much at least seems evident to us, that for the ancient names of Messalina, Lepidus, &c. attached to these letters, modern ones might well be substituted. Ed.

VALERIA MESSALINA TO EMILIUS LEPIDUS. Your monitions and reproaches, LEPIDUS, come with an ill grace from one who contributed as much as lay in his power to the formation of that character, upon which he now animadvert with cruel severity, under the mask of kindness. Have you forgotten the scenes that passed in your navi-thalamus¹ in the Tiber, and the midnight revelries of my Campanian villa? Then, so far from moralizing on the respect due to society, you enjoyed the simplicity of nature without restraint, laughing at the prescriptions of flamens, the dreams of augurs, and the lectures of philosophers. But superstition has made you a slave, while you affect more than a common regard for liberty, and boast of your concern for the restoration of equal rights to all mankind. Believe me the world will never give you credit for the philanthropy which you so zealously profess, nor would it respect me even if instead of sailing, like Cleopatra, among the Cyclades, I should devote myself to the service of Diana, and found a new order sacred to virtue. Such a change would now be as useless as it must prove irksome and insupportable, for while it subjected the mind to the most painful sensations, it would expose the motives to public observation, and incur censure, as being nothing more than hypocrisy. My lot, therefore, is cast; and having ceased to worship that which Brutus too late discovered to be an empty name, I shall persevere in the pursuit of every object that can gratify the senses, without deferring to the authority of censors or imposing a restraint upon the appetite, in conformity to the arbitrary regulations of society. You tell me very gravely that my conduct is not only unworthy of the rank which it is my chance to hold, but that it is considered as marked with peculiar disrespect to the Roman people, towards whom I am under the greatest obligations. The artificial distinctions of which you speak, have very little weight in my estimation, and the less when I see that principle no more governs the actions, or cements the connexions of patrician families, than of those in the lowest sphere of life. Do you not see that the race to whom I am allied by blood and marriage, is split into divisions, and that even those members of it who make the loudest pretensions to patriotism and religion, are ready to assist the disaffected in destroying the government, and overturning the foundations of their ancestors? Of the Romans, themselves, I would

think favourably as a high-minded and generous people, but their favours to me were the result of faction, and not of regard. The little popularity which I once enjoyed among them, was never valued by me, because conscience whispered that it was neither sincere nor deserved. The nation is governed by caprice, and the person whom they idolize to-day, and follow with triumphant shouts to the capitol, they will be as ready in a sudden turn, and without any injury, to throw down from the Tarpeian rock to-morrow. There was a time indeed when prudence dictated the necessity of courting the applauses of the populace, and of flattering the mercenary views of their leaders; but it was impossible to respect either the one or the other when the total want of principle was discovered in the conduct of both. The people acted under the impulse of their passions, and the senators who sought my confidence endeavoured to turn it to their own advantage in the acquisition of power. Of this you are fully aware, LEPIDUS, because it is within your own remembrance, that while the eternal city and the remotest provinces resounded with complaints against the emperor for his conduct, none of the patricians suffered their wives or daughters to visit me, and my presence in the vestibulum of one of them, would have been even considered as a profanation of the tutelary deities. Judge, therefore, whether any gratitude is due to those who made me an instrument for their own nefarious purposes; or whether I merit reproach for despising the multitude who condemn without examination, and admire without reason? Farewell, my LEPIDUS, and join your MESSALINA in setting defiance to the vicissitudes of fortune by saying, in spite of the sage maxims of grey-bearded moralists, "*Dum vivimus, vivamus.*"

POLITICS.

Since we began to give a political article in the Literary Gazette, we have considered some topics of no trivial importance. The nature of Political Party, the South American Revolution, the Reward of National Services, the Relations of England and Sweden, and some other interesting questions, have been discussed; and we have throughout sought aid only from the spirit of independence and truth. We have consulted these alone, because we believe, that when journalists err in their investigations, and advocate false principles, it is less from sinister views and interested motives than from a neglect of that watchful anxiety in search of truth, which can alone guard them against the agreeable associations, and the enervating fetters of party. The length and character of our articles have, however, been anonymously objected to; and, as we deem it the first duty of journalists to consult the taste of our readers, we rejoice to comply with their wishes, in the brevity at least, of the following

¹ Being at a loss for an adequate word in the English language to express the original, which signifies a vessel fitted up with beds and all other luxurious accommodations. I thought it best to let the term stand without any version by which it would have been weakened.

sketch of weekly political topics. We sincerely wish we may, in every other respect, be able to gratify our subscribers.

The foreign politics of the last week are not of peculiar interest. The rumour however in which as Englishmen our curiosity is most interested, is that of the cession of Parga by the Ottoman Porte, accompanied as it has been by reports of warlike preparations on the part of Turkey, and an unusual bustle in the cabinets of Vienna and St. Petersburg, while we are said to be busily fortifying the above mentioned point of the Albanian coast. This last, however, is evidently a measure of precaution which may best be adopted in peace; and we are convinced that the states of Europe are too completely exhausted willingly to engage in new contests.

Prussia is said to advance rapidly in her new political organization. The strictest economy is said to be exercised by her government; her finances are said to be signally improved, and her army to be maintained in the most efficient state.

We regret to hear that Austria retains possession of Alexandria, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the Sardinian government; and that no less than 6,000 Austrian troops are about to be added to the garrison of that fortress.

In Spain, the publication of an official document at once proclaims the detection of a plot among the Spanish military to gain possession of the fortress of Barcelona, the failure of that attempt, and the arrest of General Lacy and several officers, his accomplices in the scheme.—It appears also, that the poverty of the Spanish government has compelled it to adopt the enlightened principle that "not only the nobility of every rank but the whole body of Ecclesiastics are henceforth to be subject to all the imposts and taxes."

SUMMARY OF PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

In the House of Commons on Friday, Mr. Calcraft's motion on the subject of the Salt Laws gave rise to some debate. The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved the previous question; and after several members had delivered their sentiments, the motion was lost by a majority of nine; the numbers being—for the motion 70; for the previous question 79.—On Tuesday, Sir H. Parnell presented the Petition of the Catholics of Ireland, of which the distinguishing character was the offer of a sort of intermediate guarantee against the possible influence of the Pope, in confirming the election of the Irish Roman Catholic Bishops. This guarantee is "domestic nomination," which will place the choice of the Catholic Prelates exclusively in the hands of the native clergy of Ireland.—On the same evening, the Chancellor

of the Exchequer brought forward his plan for the issue of Exchequer Bills for the relief of the suffering manufacturers and others. He moved two resolutions, of which the first authorised an issue of Exchequer Bills to the amount of One Million and a Half, to be advanced by Commissioners, on due security, towards the completion of public works; to encourage the fisheries; and to provide employment for the poor in different parishes. The money intended for parishes, is to be advanced on the Poor's Rate; and in no case are the Commissioners to advance more than half the sum raised by the Poor's Rate in the preceding year; while the money is only to be let to parishes in which those rates during the last year have doubled what they were on the average of the three years antecedent to it. Hence it is evident that the Commission have the power of advancing to a parish so circumstanced a sum equal to the ordinary annual produce of its Poor's Rates. The second Resolution went to authorize the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, or Governor for the time being, to issue out of the Consolidated Fund, a sum not exceeding 250,000*l.* towards the completion of works of a public nature.—Repayment is not to be demanded before the year 1820.—On Wednesday, this most important Bill was read a first time.—On Wednesday, also, a Bill to consolidate and amend the laws relative to the residence of the clergy, was brought into the House by Mr. Mannes Sutton. This Bill will provide for the residence of beneficed clergymen on their own benefices, in every possible case; it will enable them to add a certain number of acres to their land without the permission of a bishop; and will secure the appointment of a licenced stipendiary curate, wherever he may be wanted, as well as his being properly remunerated for the important duties which he may be called upon to discharge. By making all the licences expire the same day, it will also enable clergymen to avoid the schemes of informers.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. David Christieson, teacher in Montrose, is said to have discovered an easy and exact method, by which the longitude may be ascertained either by land or sea, by means of a meridian altitude of the sun. It is pointed out by a very simple instrument, constructed on mathematical principles, and does not require those tedious calculations from solar or lunar tables, by which the ordinary method becomes frequently liable to such uncertainty. Neither does it depend on time-keepers, which, though brought to great perfection, cannot be implicitly relied on, especially in long voyages, or where the variations of heat and cold may alter the regular motion of these delicate instruments.

Professor Berzelius has just discovered a new earth, to which he has given the name of Thorite, from the Scandinavian god Thor.

The manuscripts of the late Colonel Montagu describe a new genus of vermes, by the name of amphiro. Five British species are specified. They are all inhabitants of the sea, have long tentaculæ, organs of respiration and substances which answer the purposes of feet.

Sir John Jamieson, who is at present in New Holland, has made us acquainted with a peculiarity of the *ornithorhynchus paradoxus* of that country, not hitherto known. Having wounded one of these animals with small shot, his overseer went and picked it up, when it ran one of its spurs into his hand. In a short time his arm swelled, his jaw became clenched, and he exhibited all the symptoms attendant on the bite of

venomous serpents. These symptoms yielded to the external application of oil, and the internal of ammonia; but the man suffered acute pain, and had not recovered the use of his arm in a month. On examining the spur, it was found to be hollow, and on pressing it a quantity of venom was squirted out. For what purpose the animal is thus provided does not appear; though probably it is to wound and destroy its prey.

The following circumstance may be interesting to those who inquire into the causes of longevity: A gentleman of considerable research lately made a catalogue of near eight hundred persons who had attained a great age, and found their habits of life to agree only in one particular, namely, early rising in the morning. This confirms the well-known result of a similar inquiry made by one of our learned Judges.

M. Van Mons informs us, that Brugnatelli has succeeded in curing all cases of hydrophobia by means of oxygenated muriatic acid, employed both internally and externally; which proves that in this malady the moral holds in dependence the physical powers. All cases of tardy hydrophobia may be considered as the effect of imagination. Examples have occurred of the disease reaching its last stage, when it has been completely dissipated by the sight of the animal by which the patient was bitten.

The French journalists have printed a long paper on the use of Belladonna in hooping-cough, as though the various narcotics had not been already tried in that disease, the pathology of which is now well understood. During the inflammatory period, which continues about a fortnight, the remedies must be directed to that state of the constitution. Afterwards, in this, as in all other complaints, we must be governed by symptoms; but in the chronic state no remedy has ever been found equal to change of atmosphere—whether purer or not is often indifferent. But to propose remedies for a disease by its name, is ill suited to the present state of medical science.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD.—Degrees have been granted of B. C. L. to Mr. J. Traill, Balliol.—M. A. to Revds. J. Bate, Brazen-nose; J. Harmer, Merton; and Mr. C. Cleobury, Pembroke.—B. A. to Messrs. R. H. Seale, Exeter; G. H. Hasker, ditto; and J. K. Biging, St. John's.

The Rev. C. A. Moysey, M. A. Christchurch, has been elected Bampton Lecturer for the ensuing year.

Mr. R. D. Thomson is admitted Fellow of New College.

CAMBRIDGE.—Graduations of M. A. have been conferred on Revds. J. T. Huntley, Trinity; and C. Musgrave, Fellow idem; of B. A. on Revd. R. Tritton, St. John's; and Mr. C. F. Wyatt, Jesus.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is particularly requested that Communications for the Editor may in future be addressed to Mr. COLBURN of the Public Library Conduit Street, Hanover Square.

A "Biographical Account of the late Mr. Horner," will be inserted in our next Number. JUVENIS'S "Impromptu" is not equal to his last communication.

The "Song after the manner of Dionisius" is not suitable.

S.'s Communication about a Russian religious sect has appeared in the daily papers.